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THE

REFUGEE IN AMERICA:

A NOVEL.

BY

MRS. TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

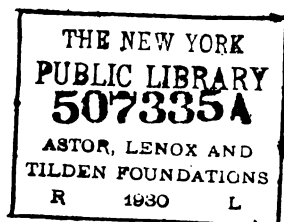
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THE
REFUGEE IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Ah ! comment me consolerais-je à le fois de n'être pas à vous, et d'être à une autre.—ROUSSEAU.

MR. EDWARD GORDON was one of those fortunate persons, who, while yet in the pride of their youth, find themselves possessed of station, wealth, and independence. Nor were these all his advantages: a fine person, a cultivated intellect, and a generous heart, were also among his claims to a kind reception from the world; and at twenty-one he was the person whom nearly all his acquaintance considered as the most enviable individual they knew.

It may be considered, perhaps, rather as the consequence of his advantages, than as one of them, that he was not only the admired of all eyes, but also the desired of many hearts. Beautiful faces turned tenderly towards him from all sides; and, under such circumstances, to escape unscathed was impossible. It was not long before Mr. Gordon was seen dancing three quadrilles in one evening with the beautiful Miss Armitage.

His was not a heart to be thoroughly won in a ball-room; nevertheless an unspeakably sweet face, with a clever mother to manage the affairs of the tender heart it belonged to, formed a battery before which more experienced generals than Mr. Gordon have fallen; and at the age of twenty-one years, five months, and six days, he found himself, after a delightful morning visit of three hours in Bryanstone-square, engaged to the fascinating, elegant, portionless Caroline Armitage.

Some weeks prior to the evening of the above-mentioned important quadrilles, he had arranged

with a young man to whom he had strongly attached himself at college, to travel with him to Rome. This young man was poor, or it might not have occurred to Mr. Gordon that he still wanted a tutor; but as the easiest way of assisting him, the proposal had been made in the usual manner, and accepted with a gratitude which sufficiently showed its importance. Passionately in love as Mr. Gordon was, he still wished to keep this engagement; and it fortunately happened that the mother of his betrothed, having a wealthy uncle who resided in the north of Ireland, particularly wished to pay him a visit previous to the marriage of her daughter. It might be that she thought such a visit, at such a time, would open the heart and the coffers of her venerable relative, and thus furnish means for procuring the thousand and one elegant necessities which such a marriage rendered absolutely indispensable, but which it might not be easy to obtain without such assistance.

It was therefore settled, to the satisfaction of

all parties, that the marriage should not take place till the month of March following. It was the latter end of July when the lovers parted, to live in the interval upon hope, and upon the sweet relief afforded by the general post, which can so faithfully

“ Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.”

The tears of parting lovers who feel sure that they shall meet again, are not bitter tears; and young Gordon enjoyed, with all the freshness of his age and character, the delightful excitement of travelling.

At Florence the friends decided upon making a halt of some weeks; and there poor Gordon's unbroken prosperity first met a check. He entered Florence the most light-hearted of human beings; but ere he left it, he became aware that not all the advantages he derived from nature and fortune, could prevent his being an unhappy man.

A few days after his arrival, accident threw

him into the society of Mr. Oglander, an English gentleman of fortune, who was residing with his only daughter for a few months at Florence. As it is not my purpose to dwell on this part of Mr. Gordon's history, I shall pass rapidly over the circumstances which made it important to him.

Miss Oglander was a young woman almost in every respect the reverse of the one to whom he was about to be united. Both were eminently handsome, but the charms of Miss Oglander no more resembled those of Miss Armitage than the severe beauty of Diana does the light grace of Terpsichore. The cultivation of the fine mind of Eleanor had been the study, the occupation, and the happiness of her accomplished father, almost from the hour of her birth:—the decoration of the fine person of Caroline had been the study, the occupation, and the happiness of her accomplished mother, from rather before the hour of her's. The success of both had been complete; and it was a cruelty in Fortune, almost enough to neutralize

all her former favours, when she exposed this young man successively to two such irresistible beings. Unhappily the having become the captive of one, did not insure him from the power of the other; on the contrary, perhaps, this power became greater by the contrast. Young Gordon soon learnt to understand the nature of his former passion, and its weakness, compared with that which afterwards possessed him. The most practised observer of the human heart could not have reasoned better on the subject; but this wisdom came too late to help him. His faith, his hand, his honour, were engaged. He only remained at Florence long enough to be convinced that he never could know happiness separated from her he had found there; and then quitted it, to hurry with heartless indifference through all that remained of his delightful tour.

No woman can inspire a passion such as Mr. Gordon felt for Miss Oglander, without knowing it; and few could have known it, and not given their heart in return. Whether Mr. Gordon

knew, or guessed, or hoped, or feared that he was beloved, I know not, but he appeared in London exactly at the time he was expected; and as no alteration had taken place in his rent-roll, that in his person and manner was but little heeded.

He soon after received at the altar a fair hand, which to him appeared as the symbol of his right to a beautiful combination of white satin, lace, and orange flowers: and the Morning Post of the following day told the world, that the happy and envied Mr. Gordon set off with his lovely bride, from the church door, in an elegant post-chariot and four, for his splendid mansion in Dorsetshire.

The following year saw Miss Oglander countess of Darcy, and Mr. Gordon the father of a little girl, and a widower.

CHAPTER II.

—Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years.—SHAKSPEARE.

Few dwellings in any land could show a more agreeable picture of life than might be found at Seaton, the noble residence of Mr. Gordon. It was the scene of unvaried peace, cheerfulness, and hospitality. He had never entered into a second marriage, and his daughter had been his playfellow, his pupil, and his companion. The bright vision which had passed across him in early life, had left an impression no time could obliterate; and in becoming the principal instructor of his beautiful child, he pleased himself with the recollection that such had been the education of Miss Oglander.

His great object was to form her mind upon this model; and though certainly no two persons could less resemble each other, he still clung to the idea, that there must be some moral likeness between two females educated so nearly in the same manner. But the young Caroline, with the bright and fascinating beauty of her mother, inherited much of the airy grace which had made her the only thing to be looked at, in every ball-room she entered. To give her the quiet dignity, the soft composure of Eleanor, was impossible; but the education she had received, so different and so superior to that of her mother, had made her a very charming creature. Prosperity had, perhaps, a little spoiled her, but not more than a slight touch of sorrow might cure. She was as innocent as she was thoughtless; and if she felt not profoundly for the sorrows of others, it was because she was not quite sure that sorrow really existed. Poverty had never approached the young heiress nearer than when she saw the poor of the parish coming, on St. Thomas's Day, to receive a pair of

blankets, a piece of beef, and half-a-crown ; and then they looked much too happy to leave any painful impression on her mind.

Mr. Gordon was an excellent landlord, and a kind and considerate master ; but he had a strong dislike, perhaps amounting to a prejudice, of all the bustling interfering charity which constitutes a Lady Bountiful. When a boy at Eton he had passed one of his vacations with a young friend whose mother was a notable lady of this class ; and on one occasion it happened that he had attended her to a cottage, where they had found a poor woman ill in bed. The charitable lady taking it into her head that the cottage wanted purifying, sent in a white-washer the next morning, who performed his duty so effectually, that two days after the woman died. Another day he had heard her loud in wrath, even to high threatenings, because a notable body had ventured to differ from her as to the disposal of a little sum, the half of which had been amassed by her own weekly savings of twopence, and the other half

bestowed by the charity of a club of ladies, of whom this Lady Bountiful was president. The scheme of this charity was excellent; but when the tidy mother of six children had convinced herself to a certainty, that Betty wanted a flannel petticoat, more than Billy did a shirt, it was nothing less than an act of tyranny when friendly counsel was pushed so far as to enforce her compliance with a contrary opinion. At least, so thought Mr. Gordon; and the consequence was that his pretty Caroline, though both kind and generous, was not a Lady Bountiful.

Without any very remarkable or predominant talent, Caroline was deficient in nothing. Mr. Gordon thought that in her love of music she decidedly resembled Miss Oglander; but he was mistaken. What was a passion in Eleanor was only a taste in Caroline; and if she gave it more time and cultivation than to any other, it was because she saw it particularly pleased her father, who was indeed the very idol of her heart, and before whom she had hitherto found

incomparably more pleasure in displaying her accomplishments, than before any other audience whatever. She also sketched with great spirit and truth, and Mr. Gordon determined upon taking her into Italy as soon as she should have completed her nineteenth year; for he remembered that Miss Oglander was just at that age, when he had seen her dark full eye gazing on the treasures of Florence. Whether his lively Caroline would ever be brought to stand as long and as fixedly before a statue or a picture as Miss Oglander had done, he was not as yet destined to know, for a circumstance occurred which destroyed all his plans, and entirely changed the current of his tranquil existence.

In the spring of 1825 the Earl of Darcy died. His only offspring was a son who had nearly completed his nineteenth year. The young Lord Harding had from his birth been a child of uncommon beauty, and uncommon character. Ardent in affection, to those he loved he was the gentlest being alive; but sudden and vehe-

ment in temper, the sight of baseness, cruelty, or oppression, roused a degree of passion, that made those who loved him tremble.

Tenderly attached to his father and grandfather, and passionately devoted to his mother, he had never offended either without evidently suffering in spirit, much more than they wished to inflict; but yet the merest trifle that roused any of his fearfully sensitive feelings, would make him forget his own, or any other suffering, till the tempest was past; and then he would hang his beautiful head, and look and be so completely wretched, that it became necessary by prompt forgiveness, and renewed caresses, to reconcile the sorrowing penitent to himself.

His mind gave early indication of great powers; his application to study was of that firm, unshrinking kind, which no indulgence could weaken, and no obstacles discourage. It seemed a part of his nature to overcome difficulties. In his sports, as in his studies, he loved to grapple with them; when he conquered, his spirits were elated, but there

was no boastfulness in his triumph; he never seemed conscious that he could do, and constantly was doing with perfect ease, what to others would be difficult or impossible. Had it not been for the occasional vehemence above mentioned, his friends would have had nothing to wish.

At the time of his father's death, he was about to leave Eton, for the advantage of private tuition, for a year before he went to the University. This purpose it was his own and his mother's desire still to carry into effect; and after two months spent at home, the young earl entered the family of Mr. Wilmot, a clergyman residing on his living in Dorsetshire.

His usual spirits were greatly damped when he quitted his home for Carbury. He left his mother alone; and her deep mourning, the solemn dress and sorrowful aspect of the domestics, and the change from the gorgeous splendour of his father's manner of living to the gloomy stillness which then pervaded the mansion, altogether oppressed him.

His new residence did not tend to restore his cheerfulness. Mr. Wilmot was a man of sense and learning; but his family were of that common-place cast, which sees in an earl something beyond a man, and their ostentatious respect annoyed Lord Darcy extremely. His proud heart told him that he deserved to be valued more for himself, than for his title; but he felt this was not the case at Carbury parsonage. He was, however, delighted to find that his new dwelling lay within a mile of the coast; the scene appeared new, and delightful to him; and almost all his hours of idleness were spent in solitary rambles on the beach.

There is perhaps no situation, however great its peculiar advantages, which has not its peculiar annoyances also. "There must always be a peacock on the wall." At the sea side, this annoyance often arises from the dishonest habits and general depravity of the bands of smugglers whose lawless business places them there. This race are almost universally a set of bold bad men; and it is often a drawback to the pleasure

of a moonlight stroll along the shore, that you are exposed to the chance of being taken for a revenue officer by one party, and for a contraband dealer by another, of those whom you are most likely to meet.

The young Lord Darcy, however, would probably have taken little notice of either, had not his attention been drawn to the predatory habits of a young smuggler, by his having on one occasion attacked the property of a poor forlorn woman, whom his lordship had been exerting himself to serve. It is needless to relate at length the circumstances which had recommended her to his charity; but it happened that one evening, when returning from his usual walk, that he called at this poor woman's cottage, and having left a token of his continued kindness, he was retreating by a stile which led across a meadow to the parsonage, when he heard an extraordinary clamour among some fowls roosting in a little shed behind the poor woman's house.

These fowls were in fact the capital of a pro-

fitable trade, which Lord Darcy's liberality had enabled her to enter into; and with a natural interest in the affair he stepped back, and looking through an aperture in the wall, he discovered Richard Dally, the notorious poaching son, of a notorious smuggling father, thrusting the fat chickens into a bag, by twos and by threes, notwithstanding all the noise they could make. Richard Dally was twenty; Lord Darcy full a year younger; but it was not a moment for Lord Darcy to weigh consequences. He instantly entered the shed, and seizing Dally by the collar, shook him sturdily, with a vigorous, though a slender arm. The startled thief lost the consciousness of superior strength in the suddenness of the alarm, and only exerting himself to get free, had no sooner succeeded, than he darted off with the celerity of one who had more than once ran for his life. But as he ran, Richard Dally swore to be revenged; and he kept his oath.

Among the many living creatures upon which

Lord Darcy poured forth the fondness of his affectionate temper, was a small spaniel which he had saved from drowning when a puppy. The little animal was exceedingly attached to him, and the pretty tricks of his well-disciplined obedience had become quite familiar to all the village. Richard Dally lay close, for a few days, to see if the young lord would take any legal measures to punish him; but hearing no rumour of the kind, Lord Darcy, in fact, being perfectly satisfied by seeing the poultry return to their roost, he ventured forth, and soon decided upon the mode of vengeance he should adopt. In the course of a day or two, he found means to kidnap this favourite dog; and choosing the hour of Lord Darcy's evening walk on the beach, he contrived to paddle his skiff close along the shore of a little bay, which lay under Carbury cliff. He had not waited long when he saw the young nobleman approach; and when he thought him sufficiently near for his purpose of irritation and insult, he threw the little creature

fastened by a string into the sea, and as often as it struggled to rise, he pushed it down again with his oar.

Lord Darcy dashed into the shallow water, and springing into the boat, snatched the string which was attached to the dog, and succeeded in tearing it from the hand of the young ruffian; then with his gasping, half-drowned favourite in his arms, he again jumped on shore. Delighted in the hope of having saved him, he for a moment forgot the wretch who had so nearly effected his destruction; but that moment brought Dally to his side, who, swearing a frightful oath that he would not be twice foiled by any lord in the land, drew a knife from a sheath which hung suspended by his side, and stuck it into the bowels of the little creature. The dog nestled closer to his master's bosom, gave one low howl, and expired.

Lord Darcy's fury now completely mastered him. He wrested the knife from the man's hand; and before either of them had again

drawn breath, it was plunged hilt deep in the smuggler's side.

After giving a convulsive spring, and one deadly yell, the unhappy youth lay lifeless at his feet. Lord Darcy stood like stone beside his victim ; his dress was stained with blood, his face livid with horror, and the fatal knife still in his hand, when a small pleasure-boat, its white sail glancing brightly in the evening sun, shot directly into the little bay where the smuggler's skiff lay moored.

The cry of the unfortunate youth had been heard by the party in the boat, which consisted of Mr. Gordon, his daughter, and two men servants. Mr. Gordon instantly leaped on shore, ordering his servants to keep the boat steady.

He started as he looked at the petrified figure before him ; for in that young and pallid face he saw the copy of one, never to be forgotten. It was the first time he had beheld the son of Miss Oglander. To mistake the meaning of the

dreadful picture before him was impossible.

"What is your name, rash boy?" said Mr. Gordon. "Edward Oglander Harding, Earl of Darcy," answered the youth, in the tone he would have done had the same question been put to him before a magistrate.

"Alas, Eleanor!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, in a voice of agony; and, looking anxiously round, he saw a group of people, whom, before landing, he had observed watching the scene below, now hastily descending the cliff, with a noisy tumult, which sufficiently marked their purpose. Not a moment was to be lost; Mr. Gordon seized the arm of Lord Darcy, and dragged him to the boat. By his orders, the servants nearly lifted him into it: with ready quickness he cut the rope which fastened the smuggler's skiff, and, taking it in tow, darted rapidly from the shore, leaving the group, who already had nearly reached the body, no means of following. "Row, for your lives," said he: "Caroline, let this poor boy sit beside you."

Shouts, execrations, and threats followed the

light bark as she cut swiftly through the water. Mr. Gordon was a skilful navigator, and for many years his favourite exercise had been the management of the little boat which now bore the only child of Eleanor Oglander from the hands of justice.

Half an hour's rowing, aided by the well managed sail, took the tiny vessel out of sight, and a few hours placed the unhappy boy beyond the reach of immediate pursuit.

CHAPTER III.

Why should this desert silent be ?

For it is unpeopled? No.—SHAKESPEARE.

SLOWLY and heavily dragged the ponderous mail stage, which travelled from Utica to Rochester, in the State of New York, in the year 1825. The autumn was far advanced, but the splendid colouring which distinguishes the scenery of North America at that season, still gave a charm to the landscape. On the evening of the twenty-second of October, five travellers, evidently of the same party, held the entire possession of the vehicle. The person who, as the senior, demands precedence in description, was a handsome, elegant looking man, a little, and but a

little, past the meridian of life. Beside him sat a female, whose large and sheltering bonnet and veil concealed her features; but her slight figure, and the thick clusters of bright curls which crowded round her neck, showed her to be young.

Opposite to them, and sole occupant of the swinging seat, which traversed the carriage from side to side, sat a youth, apparently not more than nineteen, whose surpassing beauty of form and features, could hardly atone to the beholder for the pain of contemplating a look of so much wretchedness as his countenance expressed.

Two men occupied the third seat, who only showed themselves to be of the party by the sedulous attention they paid to the accommodation of the others.

It is hardly necessary to say that this was the same party whom we left, at the end of the last chapter, in the act of escaping from the coast of Dorsetshire. The manner in which they so immediately found the means of crossing the Atlantic, will be explained hereafter; and I have

not thought it necessary to give the log-book of the voyage, from the fear that what is tedious in itself, might be more tedious still in narration. It will suffice to know, that some of the party suffered from sea-sickness, and some not; that all were weary, and one sad. So sad, so heart-stricken, indeed, was the unfortunate Lord Darcy, that Mr. Gordon sometimes doubted if the strong effort he had made to save him, would avail; he feared that the noble heart would swell to bursting, before he should receive the reward he had anticipated, of restoring him to his mother. It is certain that he had conceived the idea of this reward from the moment in which he had become acquainted with the wretched catastrophe; and every hour he had since passed with the unhappy young man had convinced him, that even should this restoration be made in exile, and far from all the splendid embellishments of her past life, it would yet be a blessing, to bestow which would repay all his former suffering.

Sometimes indeed a gleam of youthful viva-

city would flash through the gloom which enveloped young Darcy, and gave hope that the wounded spirit might revive. He never seemed so totally depressed as when in the presence of Caroline; to her he never mentioned the circumstances which led to the event, and which, though they could not justify the violence, at least showed that the feelings which led to it, were not ignoble.

To Mr. Gordon he told all—not only of the recent circumstances which had stamped his life with misery, but he confessed to him also the constitutional vehemence of temper, of which he was conscious, and which he said made him sometimes tremble at himself. It was always after Miss Gordon had retired to her little state room for the night, that these conversations took place; the silent quiet hour, so beautiful in fair weather on the ocean, appeared to heal his mind, and it was then that Mr. Gordon discovered, that in saving him from the dreadful fate which seemed to await him, he not only preserved the child of Eleanor, but

one of the noblest beings he had ever known.

The short twilight of America was fast fading into darkness, when one of the wheels of the Rochester stage, sinking suddenly into a deep hole, the vehicle was laid flat on its side.

“Are you hurt, Caroline?” “Are you hurt, Miss?” were the first articulate sounds uttered within the carriage, but these were overpowered by the clamour from without. The natural wish of being extricated from a situation at once so perilous, and so painful, happened on this occasion to be aided by no external assistance, for not the least notice was taken of them. Nevertheless no cause was given to doubt the activity of the driver, but it appeared to be altogether devoted to his cattle, and in this, as it seemed, he was seconded by the man who had been his companion on the box.

The inside passengers, therefore, found it necessary to exert themselves. Mr. Gordon ordered the servants to make their way out of

the carriage in the best manner they could, and ascertain whether it were possible for Miss Gordon to follow. This proved an enterprise of no great difficulty, for the upper part of the carriage being composed of leather curtains, could be easily removed, and with very little assistance the young lady found herself standing on a dry log, supported by her father's arm, and sheltered from the moisture and the cold by more cloaks and shawls thrown over her by the attentive servants, than she could well stand under.

After performing this service the two men volunteered their assistance to the coachman, and were presently covered with more mud by obeying the various directions he gave them, than was quite agreeable to their dainty habits.

"Come 'ere, you strapper; I guess as them broad shoulders will just serve elegant to hoist up this 'ere wheel."

William obeyed, but as soon as the carriage was moved, many light articles found their way out of the window,

"Take care, man," cried the coachman. "My! what a sight of plunder is tumbled out of that 'ere window. I expect, now, that all belongs to the young woman?"

"Plunder!" "Young womon!" exclaimed the two startled serving men; "do you think, fellow, my young mistress is a thief?"

"Your young mistress is it she is? then I calculate that if she a'n't a thief, she be something worse. But pull away, man, I said no harm of your miss, I only talked of honest plunder."

Robert had no leisure at this moment to enlighten himself on the nature of honest plunder, for the wheel-horses both began kicking, as the struggle to raise the carriage pulled the traces, and agitated the whole machine.

"Why don't you take the horses off?" said Robert.

"Ay," said the coachman, "that is a downright Englishman's question, and I'll just answer him like a Yankee. We never calculates to take no more trouble than what's

needful. If I takes the horses off, I guess I shall have to put 'em on again; and that's what I don't reckon to do, unless I can't help it. Stand still, Jenny, d—n your long tail; stand still, or by G—d I'll fix ye."

While this was passing round the carriage, it unfortunately began to rain. "Where is poor Edward?" said Mr. Gordon, "where is Mr. Smith?"—"He is standing near the carriage, papa," and the next moment Lord Darcy approached them with an umbrella. He stationed himself behind Mr. Gordon, and held it over him. It is true that he held it so as considerably to shelter the young lady also; but her father, who thought more of her than of himself, said almost reproachfully, "Take care of Caroline, Edward."

"Perhaps, sir, you can hold it more conveniently yourself," said the young man; and placing the umbrella in the hands of Mr. Gordon, he again retreated to the carriage.

It soon became apparent that the stage was not in a condition to proceed. In raising its

ponderous body, the wheel whose sudden descent had caused the overturn, being firmly fixed in the hole it had entered, was shattered to pieces in the effort to extricate it; and the utmost that the joint labour of the party could achieve, was to place the machine in such a position as to enable the servants to remove the "plunder of the English folks," for so the driver persisted to describe the luggage of the party, though certainly without meaning to insinuate aught against their honesty: such being the usual expression when speaking of luggage.

When this was done, however, the English folks were not much the better for it. What was to be done with them and their plunder? The driver declared that there was not a shanty snug enough to shelter "a possum," within five miles, "and how English folks," he added "what wants their bread buttered on three sides, is to win through the night, is considerable beyond my comprehension to settle. What say you, Mr. Hicks?"

"If they won't be after giving themselves no

monarchical airs, I calculate as they may carry their truck, along with their live cargo, to Silas Burns' clearing. 'Tis not much over two miles, I expect, off this road; and if they is tolerable 'cute, they may find the way right straight, if they will turn in round that big hickory tree yonder, and just mind the notches what Silas made with his ax when he first went into the bush."

"And where do these notches begin, my friend?" said Mr. Gordon, "we have little light left for seeing them. Do you know the road?"

"Mayhap I may," replied Mr. Hicks.

"Can you not lead us to the settlement you mention?"

"I calculate, Mister, that would not take me far on my road; 'cause Silas Burns' clearing happens to lie south-east, and my business just north-west of this 'ere spot."

"You must be aware, Mr. Hicks, that our situation is such as would render the services of a guide very valuable, and we will gladly pay for them."

The man's countenance became rather more ungracious than before, and Mr. Gordon feared he had offended his republican pride by an offer of payment. "Well, sir," he resumed, "I can only throw myself on your humanity—this young lady has not been much used to difficulties; but we must make the best of it. Edward! might we not kindle a fire here, and raise a shelter of boughs and cloaks? There are phosphorus matches, I know, in my night-bag.—Robert! seek among the luggage for Miss Gordon's trunk, and bring it here for her to sit upon.—William! there are fur boots packed somewhere in the carriage, get them immediately."

Though all this was said quietly, it was said rapidly; and so promptly did the parties addressed set to work, that the American was obliged to hasten over his ground more quickly than seemed natural to him, in order to stop them.

"That's speaking reason, Mister, that's speaking reason; let me just not have waste of time upon

my conscience, and I don't care if I do show you the way to Silas Burns' clearing myself."

"Name your price, sir, I shall make no difficulty."

"Well, then, I expect five dollars won't do more than pay me my time 'twixt here and there, and back again."

"They shall be your's, sir, and with many thanks. Caroline, what shall the men carry for us? I suppose, Driver, that you will undertake the charge of the heavy luggage till you get to the next post-house?"

"For that," said the coachman, "I guess you must take your chance. I don't expect that the wolves have any great liking for trunks; howsomever, I can't afford to say as they mayn't commence with your's;—but if they don't steal the things, I calculate I sha'n't."

"Where then am I likely to hear of you, my friend?"

"Most generally one knows where to look for one's friends, I expect," answered the man, giving a knowing wink to his companion; but

whether he was quizzing the simple confidence of the Englishman, or only his language, it was not easy to decide. A night's shelter, however, appeared at this moment much more important than the fate of their luggage; and Mr. Gordon only added, while he assisted his daughter to arrange her dress, "I shall hope to find our trunks at Rochester."

"May be you may, and may be you mayn't," was the reply; and the driver turned again to his horses.

The party were now prepared to proceed. The two servants carried the night-bags, Mr. Gordon took the arm of his daughter, and Lord Darcy placed himself at his side, holding the umbrella, with which he endeavoured to shelter them both, the eyes of each being fixed on the guide, awaiting from him the signal to start. But Mr. Hicks having made his bargain, was not at all disposed to hurry himself. He first ransacked the carriage to discover his own little portmanteau; and having adjusted it over his shoulders to his satisfaction, he next indulged

himself with selecting deliberately from among many, a promising quid of tobacco; having placed this comfortably within his cheek, he next slowly approached the driver, and began a conversation with as much composure as if it were neither dark nor raining, and as if no one were waiting for him.

During these dilatory manœuvres, Lord Darcy gave the first symptom he had shown of being mentally present to the scene. His eyes kindled, he bit his lip, and stepping forward, said in a voice of command, "On, fellow." But before the word was well pronounced, the feeling, or at least the expression of it, was past; and he stepped back quietly to his former position.

Mr. Hicks followed him with his eye, and having looked at him steadily for about a minute, said, "Was you thinking of speaking to I, young Mister?"

Lord Darcy shook his head in silence. "Ay, that's all right. I comprehend as you calculate you had better not."

Having made this speech, he too stood like the rest of the party, as if waiting for a signal to move.

"Which way are we to go, sir?" said Mr. Gordon.

"Why, as to that, sir, I am not yet quite capable to say."

"Good God! did you not consent to be our guide?"

"I never says nothing as I don't calculate to keep to, Mister."

"Then why do you tell me that you do not know the way?"

"I expect, Mister, that you would find it considerable difficult to prove that I ever said any such a thing."

"Then what did you say? and what are we to do?"

"For that, sir, you will do just what pleases yourself. Every body in this country enjoys that privilege."

"Do you mean to lead us to shelter, or not?" said Mr. Gordon, losing patience.

"Why, sir," said Mr. Hicks, "I comprehend that the case stands thus:—You and I have made a bargain; and as the proposal commenced with you, I reckon as you ought to perform your part of the paction first."

"Good heaven! are we waiting for that," said Mr. Gordon, drawing out his pocket-book; "I believe, sir, this note is for five dollars; but there is hardly light to see."

"I never travel without the power of lighting my segar," said Mr. Hicks; and then with a deliberate composure, which made Caroline laugh, notwithstanding her deplorable condition, he obtained a light, which, communicated to a match, enabled him to read the important words, "United States—five dollars." Then extinguishing the light, he deposited the note in his pocket-book, adding, with more complacency than he had yet spoken, "All right; and now, sir, I am ready to do my part." He then turned from the road, and taking his way round the "big hickory tree," entered the forest, and strode forward at a pace which

soon obliged those who followed to cry for mercy.

The road soon became rough, wet, and slippery; and when they had fully entered the forest, the light hardly enabled them to distinguish the figure of the man as he moved on before them. The umbrella was no longer of any use; it only shook the heavy moisture from the trees, as it brushed past them. The inconvenience and fatigue of this walk to a young girl so totally unused to any kind of difficulty, appeared very severe; but Caroline endured it with great spirit for above a mile, when they came to one of those contrivances, which in the back woods of America serve as bridges.

Mr. Hicks here stopped, saying, "Now we be come to Big Mud Creek; so you must just be wary like as to where you step. There's no great matter of water, I expect, but the depth of mud is considerable."

Lord Darcy, who had darted forward a few steps in advance, now returned, exclaiming eagerly, "You must wait, Mr. Gordon, you

must wait till we can kindle a fire; here are pines that will blaze quickly, and give us a light."

"It is well thought of, Edward;" and placing Caroline under shelter of the trees, Mr. Gordon, assisted by Lord Darcy and the servants, soon collected boughs sufficient for the purpose.

Mr. Hicks stood perfectly still while this was going forward; and when they had completed the pile, he addressed Mr. Gordon in his usual measured tone:—"It is no bad thought, that, of the youngster, as far as having a light goes. There is no denying as we shall see how to cross the Big Mud Creek all the better for a blaze; and the young woman would be in an ugly fix if she happened to fall on one side or the other. The bridge is pretty considerable narrow. But it is but right to tell you, before commencing, that stopping to pull down branches, and lighting fire, and the like, don't in no way make part and parcel of our bargain. I said, Mister, as I guess you can't have forgot; seeing it is not much over an hour, according

to my calculation, since the words was spoke, that five dollars would just pay my time 'twixt the road and Silas Burns' clearing and back again; but that did not no way include stopping to make a fire on the way."

"Will five dollars more content you, sir? And will you lend us the use of the phosphorus? It may be difficult to find mine."

"In regard to the contenting of me," said Mr. Hicks, "I don't expect that you'll find no one more reasonable to content in this country than me. We are a free people, Mister, and all sets a value on ourselves. In respect of the five dollars additional, I won't say but it might be suitable enough, if the pine boughs were sure to burn kindly; but you won't deny, I expect, that if they don't, it ought to make a difference. And a good deal will rest with the young woman, as to whether she is particular as to waiting for a great blaze, or whether she will content herself with a little one."

"Charge what you will," said Mr. Gordon,

inexpressibly provoked, "only for Heaven's sake make haste with your match."

"We don't much calculate in this country that haste in business is approvable: we counts that it seldom answers; and as we are all free, and speak what we conclude to be the truth, I must remark that I in no ways understood you to include the use of the matches, when you commenced your new proposal."

"I have told you that you might name your own price," repeated Mr. Gordon; "ask what you will, only do not keep us here."

"I have no particular desire to stay here myself," observed the impenetrable Mr. Hicks, "for the evening is noways agreeable; but the first duty of man is business. Now the opening matches, when the trees is drip, drip, drip, as you hears, and, I calculate, feels too, sir, cannot be done without considerable risk to the whole batch. I would on no account take advantage of a gentleman's hurry to drive a hard bargain—our country, sir, is free and fair, fair and free—but in conscience, and in justice to my family, I

expect I cannot take less than a dollar, thirty-seven and a half cents, for the matches, phosphorus, and trouble of fetching 'em out of my long coat pocket."

"Agreed, agreed! now let us have them, and we shall see a blaze in a moment."

"You knows my way of doing business, sir."

Again Mr. Gordon pulled out his pocket-book, and again the match was kindled for the examination of the note. Lord Darcy, unable longer to control his impatience, seized the lighted match, and the wood they had collected was already in a blaze, before Mr. Hicks had at all recovered his astonishment at the suddenness of the proceeding. Having finished the important business of securing the note in his pocket-book, he said, with much solemnity, to Mr. Gordon, "If that young varment expects to make his fortune in the United States, you must learn him different ways of getting the better in a bargain, than what that is, or may be he'll get gouged before he finds his pockets full. He's got the better of me for the one

dollar, thirty-seven and a half, that's a fact ; but he may not fare never the better for it, in the end."

Mr. Gordon then produced a handful of silver, and begged he would pay himself, which he did, slowly examining every coin, and concluded the operation with the remark that the youngster thought to have come over him.

Meanwhile the blazing fagots showed many things to the unfortunate travellers ; it showed a ravine dismally dark and deep, down which ran a muddy stream ; it showed a bridge over it, composed of two trunks of pine trees ; it showed poor Caroline's face, looking deadly pale, and her limbs shivering with cold, notwithstanding Lord Darcy's cloak had been thrown round her, as she sat under the tree.

" My poor girl !" exclaimed the terrified father, " how will you ever cross this frightful pass ?"

" It is impossible," cried Lord Darcy ; " wait for me a moment ;" and he disappeared among the trees.

“What childish rashness!” said Caroline;
“How can his running away help us?”

“At least it will give you time to warm yourself, Caroline: you are very cold, my love!”

“It is very true, papa; so let me have the bag, William, close to the fire, and I will sit upon it. Now were we, some of us, a little less miserable, both in body and mind; did I shake a little less for instance, and were that gulf not quite so wide, and not quite so deep; and were that terrible bridge a little less like a tight-rope, what a delightful adventure this would be!”

The two servants, meanwhile, occupied themselves in reconnoitering the pass, and after a few minutes thus employed, they returned to the fire, looking most unfeignedly dismayed.

“It may be possible, sir, for you, and Mr. Smith, and us to get over, but it will be no easy matter either; and as for my young mistress, I am quite sure, sir, she can never do it.”

Mr. Gordon turned to Mr. Hicks, who was silently and carefully warming himself by the

fire, and smoking a segar; "Do you know of no other road to this dwelling? can it only be reached by crossing these slight logs?"

"As to that, sir, it is beyond the depth of my knowledge to certify how many ways there may be to get into a clearing what lies in the deep of the forest; but I expect that if we had travelled by the mariner's compass, from the spot what we started from, we could not have come no more directer."

"Would it not be possible to camp here for the night? Are there any bears, or noxious snakes likely to annoy us?"

"For the matter of bears, they have been pretty considerably driven back by the improvements; them's a cretur what hates improvement; but for the serpents, 'specially the copper-heads, and the rattlers, they don't so much stand upon it; for one sees them as rife round a stump as round a tree."

"Good heaven! my dear child, what can we do for you? Speak, Caroline: if your head and your feet are steady, there will be no more

danger for you than for the rest; have you the courage to try?"

"Where is that unfortunate boy, papa? what freak is he off upon now?"

"You do not answer me, Caroline; would you rather camp beside this fire, with such shelter as boughs can give, or cross that frightful bridge to find a roof?"

"Will you decide for me, my dear father?" said Caroline, with unusual seriousness. "I do not think my spirits are weaker than the rest, but my limbs tremble: perhaps it is only from cold; if so, these blazing pines will soon make a heroine of me."

"I cannot bear to urge you, my dear child, for should your strength or courage fail when half way over, a false step might be fatal. Shall we at once decide upon waiting here for the return of day? After all, I believe it will be my cowardice, and not yours, which will keep us here."

"Possible!" exclaimed Mr. Hicks. "Do you really and truly think of camping out here all

night after all? Why now in our country we should far rather prefer camping out by the side of the high road, and paying nothing for it, to coming just to do the same thing in a swamp, and paying eleven dollars, thirty-seven and a half cents. But there is no accounting for the difference of nations."

At this moment young Darcy returned, and in reply to the eager questions of Mr. Gordon, stated that about a quarter of a mile distant, the high banks of the creek suddenly fell, and by what he could judge by the imperfect examination he was able to make in the dark, the stream was there fordable. He proposed that the servants should accompany him to this spot, and kindle another fire as near the stream as possible, to enable them to ascertain whether it could be passed on foot without danger. If it proved feasible, he said he would immediately return and guide them down the declivity, and if not, they would all return, and set about constructing some kind of shed that might serve to shelter them till morning; adding that any

thing would be better than the passage by the pine bridge.

The newly awakened energy of this unhappy young man, so changed his air and voice, that for a moment both father and daughter gazed at him in surprise. "Dear Edward," said Mr. Gordon, "we owe you much for your exertions; your plan, at least, offers a hope, and before your return, we were almost in despair. I wish I could go with you to assist in the examination, but I cannot leave Caroline, and she is too snugly placed here to remove her, till we know the result."

"I would much rather remove now, papa, and help the examination myself."

But Lord Darcy was gone before she had ceased speaking.

"And you, sir," said Mr. Gordon, addressing himself to Mr. Hicks, "do you know of any such ford as the young gentleman speaks of?"

"I never pretends to more knowledge than I have got: the pine bridge across the Big Mud Creek was the pass as I took when I came with

Silas Burns to his clearing about a little traffic in hogs ; but I won't deny as it may possibly be so, seeing I came just the end of the winter, when the waters is always at the deepest, and this is the latter end of the fall, when they is most commonly the shallowest."

The conversation here ceased, and each one seemed occupied by their own speculations. In about twenty minutes they heard steps advancing through the rattling leaves, and Lord Darcy again stood before them.

" I have crossed and returned without difficulty," said he ; " will you follow me, sir ?"

" Certainly, my dear boy, and most joyfully. Do you prefer the bridge, or will you go with us, sir ?" said Mr. Gordon, addressing their guide.

Mr. Hicks replied, " That he was no ways wishing to part company, though it was considerable likely they should lose time by going about."

Slowly and cautiously Lord Darcy led their steps down the steep and slippery bank. He

carried the bag which had been Caroline's seat in one hand, and with the other he led her father, on whose arm she hung, step by step to the spot where the two servants were still adding to the pile of blazing fagots they had collected.

Mr. Gordon found on examination that the stream though here much wider, was so shallow that it might be crossed with no other damage or danger than wet feet; this, after the perils which had threatened them, was a light evil, but still it was more than he wished to expose Caroline to, and he asked her if she would consent to be carried across.

"No, indeed, papa," said she, laughing, "I certainly did not much like the idea of tumbling into Big Mud Creek; but as to wetting my feet, you shall see that I do not mind it at all."

So saying, she moved quickly forward, and wrapping her dress around her, prepared to step into the muddy stream.

"It is not necessary, Miss Gordon," said Lord Darcy; "pray wait for a moment."

"I will wait two moments, Mr. Smith, but I really will not be carried."

"Do you not think, sir," said Lord Darcy, addressing Mr. Gordon, "that this hurdle which we have constructed with boughs, might be safely carried by Robert and William across, with Miss Gordon upon it?"

"Indeed I do, Edward. Caroline, you will not refuse to use it?"

"I think I had rather walk; but it would be very ungrateful; and so, papa, I will be carried."

The scheme answered perfectly; and a few moments placed them all safely on the farther shore. They again climbed the steep bank to recover the track; and having done so, they followed it in slipping and in groping, sometimes knocking their toes against stumps, and sometimes their noses against boughs, for nearly an hour more, when they found themselves in front of the dwelling which shall be described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Beshrew my heart, but I pity the boy.—SHAKESPEARE.

It was with great satisfaction that our wet and weary travellers at length found themselves at the door of a human dwelling, and with greater still that they perceived, upon that door's being opened, the bright blaze of a large fire.

Mr. Hicks entered first, and announced the party.

“'Squire, here be a parcel of English folks what wants a night's lodging, I expect.”

The family party thus broken in upon, consisted of two men, one woman, and five boys and girls. The elder of the men stepped forward to receive them, with an air of quiet

civility, saying, "English be they? Well, no matter for that; sit down, sit down."

Mr. Gordon apologised politely for having disturbed the family so unceremoniously, stated briefly the accident which had befallen them, and added, that Mr. Hicks, who was their fellow-passenger by the coach, had led them to hope they might be accommodated with a night's lodging under their roof.

"That follows, sir: no one is ever turned out in the forest."

Mr. Gordon expressed his gratitude for the promised hospitality, while he occupied himself about his daughter, who was so completely chilled and exhausted, as to be very little able to help herself. The two servants were equally assiduous for her accommodation. She was placed close to the fire; her wet shoes, bonnet, and cloak removed, and all sorts of contrivances to make her comfortable resorted to, before she seemed at all conscious of where she was. The woman of the house and her two eldest daughters assisted these operations with much

kindness, and were presently rewarded with a very sweet smile.

“Thank you! thank you! how very kind you all are; I fear I have taken all your places by the fire. Is it not delightful, papa, to see such a blaze as this, after wandering so long in the dark forest? it is almost too bright to look at.”

Miss Gordon raised her hand, to shelter her eyes from the fire, and at the same time to enable her to look round the room at the party which filled it.

“Why do you stand so far from the fire, Mr. Smith? I should think your feet must be wet enough to render it as agreeable to you as to us.”

Thus reminded, Mr. Gordon and the squire turned their eyes in the same direction. Lord Darcy was standing at some distance, the wet dripping from his hair, and his beautiful countenance as pale as marble.

“Oh, Edward,” cried Mr. Gordon, kindly, “you want our care as much as she does; pray come to the fire.”

"Do you not think Miss Gordon should be put to bed, sir? she looks very pale."

"Do you not think Mr. Smith should be put to bed, sir? he looks very pale," gaily repeated Caroline.

"Come, come," she added, "Master Edward, do not give yourself any manly airs, you are by no means made of iron and steel; come and sit down in this corner directly."

"You do, indeed, look pale, Mister," said the squire's lady, "worse by far than the young woman. I expect that you had better, one and all of you, take a little whisky."

"Do not be shocked, papa, but I really think so too. A thousand thanks to you, madam, for your kindness to us all, and I accept it in the name of the party, thankfully."

"Put on the kettle, Benjamin Franklin; fetch down the maple sugar from the shelf, Sally; bring over all the mugs, Monroe, my man. Pray make yourselves at home, gentlemen."

"Sit here, sir," said the squire to Mr.

Gordon; and "sit there, sir," said his brother to Mr. Hicks.

Lord Darcy, in obedience to the commands of Caroline, had already placed himself on a bench at the side of the fire, opposite the place she occupied.

"Here's a snug place for you, sir," said one of the sons to Robert; "and t'other gentleman," pointing to William, "can just nestle in, alongside of the young woman."

The servants looked puzzled. "No thank you, Master, we shall do well enough out here," said Robert, "especially if we get a little whisky."

"Did ever man hear the like of that," said the hostess; "wet you be as drowned rats, and wet you calculate to remain, if you don't come nigh the fire."

Robert looked at his master. "Sit down, both of you," said Mr. Gordon; "sit down, Robert, in the place offered you, and make room for William beside you."

"Why, sure them bean't your sons, Mister?" said the 'squire.

"No, sir, they are my servants."

"And them that colour—My!" exclaimed the wife.

"Well, wife, I just guess you were best not put in your say. You haven't read enough of foreign parts to realize the thing. All countries are not like our country, you know, sir. But this is no time to be talking politics. What can you give the folks for supper? Come, girls, be stirring, there's fine children."

This order was quickly and cheerfully obeyed; the young people bustled about, and the active, though sickly-looking mother, assisted them.

"Set the spider here, Ophelia, and give me a spoonful of grease; Euphrosyne, hand me over that oven, my daughter. Don't be afeared, young woman, she won't hurt your head. Just run and fetch the venison, Monroe, 'tis hung in the elder bush. Here's capital coals on the hearth, and 'twill be done in no time. Stir the hominy,

my daughter, and give the Johnny cakes a turn ; mind the gurdle, Euphrosyne, and I'll set the table."

Though most of these orders were unintelligible to the English travellers, they seemed to give very agreeable promise of refreshment ; and Caroline, whose spirits were completely restored, enjoyed exceedingly the novelty of the scene.

The room was large and lofty, having no other ceiling than the pointed roof. The chimney was immensely large ; the planks of the floor were loose, and moved under every step. In one corner was a large bed, furnished with coarse mosquito bars ; in another a press, which seemed capable of containing the wardrobe of the whole family ; a third corner was occupied by an ample cupboard, from whence issued most of the preparations for the meal ; and the fourth appeared to be the depository of all the arms of the family, for not less than half a dozen rifles were placed there. Having taken a sufficiently accurate survey of the still

life, she began a closer examination of the living groupes than the light had hitherto permitted, for two home-made candles now flared, smoked, and flickered away on the supper-table.

The father of the family was a tall stout man, about forty, and would have been handsome, had not his mouth been rendered unseemly by the hue of tobacco, and his eyes sunk, as if out of health. His brother, younger in appearance, had a countenance much less agreeable; his dress differed from that of the other members of the family, which was coarse, home-made, and almost picturesque in its rudeness; his being of that cut and fabric which placed him decidedly among the shabby genteel of a city. The mistress of the house looked ill, and over-worked, and, had not the children called her mother, might have been taken for their grandmother. The eldest boy appeared rugged and heavy; the two elder girls were exceedingly pretty, and the youngest boy and girl lively and well featured, and by far the healthiest looking part of the family.

Caroline observed that her father appeared as much occupied and amused as herself. The two servants sat silently apart. Mr. Hicks, with his hat on, and his feet resting on the back of young Burns' chair, had fallen fast asleep; but Lord Darcy had placed himself so completely in the shade of the projecting chimney, that she could only see that he was not engaged as she was, for he had turned his head away from the bustling scene.

When the smoking venison cutlets, hominy, eggs and fried ham, were placed on the board, the whole party assembled round it. The two servants took their places behind Mr. Gordon and his daughter; and though the whole of the Burns' family looked on this arrangement with as much surprise as if it had been some mystical pagan rite, they did not interfere with it. The supper was excellent, and the entertainers soberly kind. The 'squire's lady could hardly be said to place herself at table, so constantly was she occupied in seeking and bringing whatever the party required. Whisky was in great abun-

dance, being poured from a huge bottle cased in wicker-work, which was brought from the comprehensive cupboard, when the master of the mansion called for the "Demi John." The forest family and Mr. Hicks all eat with such amazing rapidity that their substantial meal was finished before "the English folks" had well begun. However, as the 'squire showed more inclination to converse than before he had refreshed himself, they continued to sit at table without scruple.

"How long may you be from the old country?" he began.

"But a short time, sir."

"Come to establish some factory, I expect?"

"No, sir, our chief object is to travel and see your fine country."

'Squire Burns drew his chair nearer to Mr. Gordon, and pressed him to take a glass of whisky.

"And pray, sir, what may your name be?"

"Gordon, sir."

"Well, Mr. Gordon, you are right, sir, that's

a fact. The English are counted great travellers, and for certain they could go nowhere, where there is more nor better things to see than in the Union."

"You must doubtless have many things to interest strangers."

"You may say that, Mr. Gordon. The only objection as I know against travellers coming here, is, that they most times mixes a little envy of us in their remarks. However, that is all very natural, especially in the English, when all is considered."

"I hope, sir, this bad feeling is not so general as you suppose."

"Why, sir, how can it be otherwise? Think only what a deplorable, oppressed country they comes from, and what a glory of a paradise they find here. There is not on the face of the earth such another, and 'tis no great wonder that they should feel a little envy at the sight."

"Well, sir, I can only say that I will endeavour to check this criminal feeling."

"Indeed, Mr. Gordon, I'm not the man to be severe upon it, and I think we have no manner of right to object to it. The feeling is a natural feeling. Pray, sir, take your toddy. You do then allow, Mr. Gordon, that we beat the old country?"

"We have really been so short a time in America, that it would be quite presumptuous to form a judgment?"

"Not at all, not at all; speak freely, sir; did you ever see any thing so magnificent as this here state of New York? Say?"

"Indeed, sir, the country appears most beautiful."

"And the factories, Mr. Gordon, sir? and the institutions? and the buildings? don't they altogether work upon your mind in the manner of a surprise?"

Mr. Gordon bowed, and smiled.

But 'Squire Burns was not to be so answered; he chuckled complacently, and, laying his hand on that of Mr. Gordon, said, "Ah, Mister, I guess I read your mind. You can't in your

conscience deny us our superiority, and you are too much of an Englishman to like to confess it. Hey, Mr. Gordon? I have hit the right nail on the head, I expect?"

"It may be so, and therefore you will kindly excuse my answering more fully."

"Surely, sir, surely; we ask no more of no man, let him come from what country he will, than just to own that we are first and foremost; and after that, we grant him freedom to keep the rest of his thoughts to himself. And pray, sir, to what point may you be travelling?"

"To Rochester, sir."

"Ay? I'm not sorry to hear that. I don't expect that between the poles there's another place can ditto that. It is altogether unequalled in history, that's a fact."

"Is it a large settlement, sir?"

"A settlement? I don't know what you may call a settlement in your country—perhaps you may call it a settlement there; but in our country, which I have been learnt in my geography is pretty considerable bigger than yours,

we count Rochester a perfect glory under heaven."

"I have no doubt, sir, we shall find it all you describe, but I fear we may have some difficulty in getting there. What will be our best method of obtaining a conveyance to the next post-house, where we can meet a stage?"

"I calculate that what you call post-house, is what we call tavern. 'Tis likely that you hangs your signs upon posts, and that, as I reckon, is the reason why you call 'em post-houses. You'll find, Mr. Gordon, most commonly in this country, sir, that if your words ar'n't altogether the same as what we use for the same things, we always finds out the meaning, as it were by instinct. I guess you must have commenced making that observation already. The remarkable intelligence of our people is, I expect, most commonly consented to now, in all parts of the world?"

"Indeed we have found no want of it. But what do you recommend as our best mode of getting on?"

"Why, sir, I am always willing to accommodate, and I expect it is no ways impossible but I may be capable of sending you forward; 'twill only be for you to pay me reasonable for the loss of a day's ploughing. My oxen steps out remarkable, and the young woman will find great comfort from being conveyed dry-foot in our waggon."

During the latter part of this conversation the party had left the table, and replaced themselves round the fire. Caroline, partly from her gay nature, and partly from curiosity, began a gossiping conversation with the pretty girls of the house, while the mother set aside the appurtenances of the supper-table.

"Have you lived here long, Miss Euphrosyne?" she began.

"We have been in the bush better than six years," answered Miss Euphrosyne.

"My!" interrupted Miss Ophelia, "why, sis, 'tis seven years this fall."

"And how do you like the life?"

"I expect 'tis pleasant enough by times."

“ Do you see many people ?”

“ My! I guess not indeed; 'tis sometimes a month out, 'twixt time and time that we sees a human.”

“ Do you go to church ?”

“ No, we ar'n't Christians.”

“ You are not Christians? How is that ?”

“ Why how can we be Christians, living in the bush so ?”

“ When Ophelia is married,” said the other sister, “ as she counts to be next month, then I and she will both be Christians; for she is to bide at Avon, and we shall be of the Baptist congregation.”

“ And when do you mean to be married, Euphrosyne ?”

“ Not this year, I expect. I sha'n't be sixteen afore August.”

“ And how old are you, Ophelia ?”

“ Most seventeen. I should have been married before, only my beau was building a house. I hope sis will be married before she's so old, for I hate old maids.”

"And how do you amuse yourselves here? Do you love to walk in the forest?"

The two girls looked at each other, and smiled.

"No sure," answered the elder. "In our country 'tis only the men what does that."

"I don't expect," said the other, "that you would find any American young lady what would demean herself to do just what you did to-night."

"No? why not?"

"Cause she'd think it quite out of the way to be walking about in the dark with a parcel of men. But I expect the English thinks nothing of it."

"Why, what was I to do, my dear girl? Would the American ladies sit by the road-side all night, instead of walking through the forest to such a nice comfortable place as this?"

"Why I guess they'd lose by that, sure enough; but I never did see an American lady walking in the forest, for all that."

"Do you ride then?"

"Sometimes, when father goes to market, we

rides in the waggon with mother, to sell the spinning, and to buy coffee and the like."

"Are you not delighted to go?"

"Yes, I like it very much when I have got a good bonnet."

"Well, I think I should be delighted, if I had got no bonnet at all."

"I expect the English don't mind, but the American young ladies had rather bide at home from July to eternity, than show themselves when they ar'n't jam."

Meanwhile Mr. Hicks was smoking a segar, and drinking whisky; in which he was joined by all the men of the family. Lord Darcy had resumed his dark corner, and though Caroline from time to time turned her eyes towards him, she could not perceive that he either heard or saw any thing that was passing.

And now Mrs. Burns, having finished her putting away, joined the female group, and told Miss Gordon, that the best sleeping place she had to offer her, was just to lie between Ophelia and Euphrosyne.

“ This 'ere bed,” she continued, “ is what I, and my husband, and Sally sleeps in ; and the other room, which is altogether as big as this, have got two beds in it : one will be for my two girls and you, and t'other for Benjamin Franklin and little Monroe. Brother Hannibal sleeps in a bed under the cupboard there, though he is a gentleman of the 'press at New York ; but we have got no better lodging for him, that's a fact. As to all these gentlemen, I count they must lie down round the fire for their rest.”

Caroline, whose good spirits and good humour enabled her to meet most things easily, and who, notwithstanding her delicate breeding, looked back to her dark walk through the forest without a shudder, was, nevertheless, rather discomposed at this sociable arrangement ; and having quite as much decision as good humour in her character, she answered promptly, “ I am exceedingly obliged to you, but I never leave my father for a moment when I am travelling.”

“ Possible ! and you such a big miss ! Well then I guess,” continued Mrs. Burns, “ as we

must give up our bed to you and your pa, and turn Benjamin Franklin and Monroe into this room with the rest of the gentlemen, for father and I to take their bed."

Before Caroline could make any reply to this new offer of accommodation, Lord Darcy rose, and, approaching Mr. Gordon, took him by the arm, and led him out of the house by the door at which they had entered.

After a few moments they returned. Lord Darcy retreated to his corner, and Mr. Gordon took the 'squire aside, and conversed with him in a low voice; during which time, Caroline, who followed them with her eyes, saw his pocket-book taken out, and a portion of its contents transferred to the hands of his host. As soon as this private dialogue had ended, Mr. Gordon resumed his seat, and the 'squire speedily set his whole family in motion.

"Come, wife, stir about; see to have a good blaze in t'other room. The boys is to turn out, and you is to turn in with miss and the girls; and mind to have clean linen on one of the beds,

and no boys ar'n't to go in : that's the bargain, I expect, Mister ?"

" Exactly, sir," said Mr. Gordon.

Mrs. Burns cast a glance of no very pleasant expression towards Caroline. " Why, 'tis as bad as a hurricane to lodge English folks. They may have some other fancy when I've done finished, for the girl told me but now that she always slept with her pa."

" You misunderstood me, ma'am," said Caroline, feeling not a little comforted by the able generalship of her father; " I never sleep with my pa ; only in travelling I never leave him till he bids me."

" 'Tis all one for that; and as we ar'n't negurs, I see no great use in turning people topsy turvy so."

Here the 'squire took his lady by the sleeve, and, drawing her out of the room, conversed with her for about two minutes; after which she re-entered, and the stipulated arrangements were speedily made, without any more grumbling.

As soon as it was announced that the fire was " well alight" in the other room, Caroline pre-

pared to retire. As she passed by Lord Darcy, she held out her hand to him ; but he appeared not to remark it, for he rose and said, " Good night, Miss Gordon," without taking it. She then turned to her father, and, after embracing him, said, " Pray, papa, look after that thoughtless boy, and do not let him lie down on his wet cloak." She then uttered a general good night, and left the room with the females.

The pretty foresters willingly undertook the office of Abigails, and seemed well satisfied by being permitted to ransack the night-bag in return. The night-gown, the night-cap, the combs, the brushes, were all seized upon, and all tried. Even the little Sally would not be contented till she had seen how she looked in the " strange woman's cap." Caroline submitted to all these novelties with great resignation ; nay, the fair, smiling young faces so conquered her aristocracy, that she said to Ophelia, " Either you or Euphrosyne must sleep with me ; the bed is quite large enough, and I shall not mind it at all."

“ But I shall though,” cried Mrs. Burns, suddenly breaking the silence she had maintained since the private conversation with her husband. “ I mind it, if you don’t ; folks what gives five dollars to get a girl a bed to herself, must know there is some reason for it. My girls shall all three sleep with me this night, please the Lord.”

“ Well then,” said Caroline, smiling, “ good night to you all ; I am very sleepy :” and in a few minutes the fair wanderer was fast asleep.

CHAPTER V.

It is not so ; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard :
Be well advised ; tell o'er thy tale again.
It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so ;
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man :
Believe me, I do not believe thee now.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE the inmates of the forest cottage are taking their rest, we may change the scene to England, and see the effect produced there by the event which concluded our second chapter. The widowed Lady Darcy, after following the intention of her deceased husband, by placing his son according to the wish he had expressed, intreated her father to relieve the stately solitude of Harding Abbey, by making it his residence for at least a part of the year.

Mr. Oglander was not much above sixty, and the regular, easy, rational life he had passed, made him appear and feel considerably younger: his daughter was just forty when her husband died; but the history of her life, though tranquil and prosperous, had yet been such as to sober, if not sadden, the tone of her spirits; and never were father and daughter better calculated to be companions, than Mr. Oglander and Lady Darcy.

He immediately made the arrangements necessary for complying with her request, and they were enjoying together the luxurious leisure of high station, and cultivated talent, when Mr. Oglander received the following letter.

*" Ship Ceres, at sea,
Sept. 2, 1825.*

" Years have passed, my dear sir, through which, by mutual, though tacit agreement, we have been as if dead to each other; but this has not been from indifference. I address you now with feelings, if possible, more painful than those with which I last bade you farewell: this asser-

tion will sufficiently preface the news I have to tell. Before I enter on my narrative, let me, however, assure you that Lord Darcy is safe, and under my care, which shall be for him as tender and vigilant as your own. Having thus far quieted your fears, I must proceed to my mournful task. Mr. Wilmot, the clergyman, in whose family Lord Darcy was placed, is the rector of the next parish to mine. He occasionally visited at my house, and the last time I saw him he told me Lord Darcy was to be his pupil. I had determined to see the child of Lady Darcy, but had not yet done so, when the meeting arranged for us by Providence took place.

“ About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th of August, I was sailing with my daughter and two men servants, in the little bay which for many years has been the scene of my favourite recreation. We were but a short distance from our usual landing-place, when we were startled by a deep and fearful cry from the shore. On looking in the direction from whence it came, I saw a man lying on the sand, and weltering in his

blood, another standing over him with a weapon still in his hand, and on the road leading down from the cliff, a woman and three men, whose position must for some time have given them a view of the two others. They were hastening to the fatal spot. Another moment placed me beside the murdered man, and——Lord Darcy. Alas! Mr. Oglander, it was indeed that most unhappy boy, who, in a moment of sudden rage, had plunged a knife into the breast of the miscreant who lay at his feet.

“ You shall hereafter know the full particulars of the provocation. Tell his mother they are such as must greatly excuse him to our hearts, but will not, I fear, acquit him to our laws. The moment I cast my eyes upon young Darcy I knew him; and I think I should have done so, even had I not been aware that he was in my neighbourhood. His features, and still more his countenance, were not to be mistaken by me. It took me not so long to decide what to do at that dreadful moment, as it now takes to write it. I conveyed the unfortunate boy to my boat,

and by the aid of two stout oars and my sail, succeeded in taking him beyond reach of pursuit, even before the friends of his victim were able to commence it. A few miles off the shore lay an American homeward bound vessel, whose captain I had received with kindness when wrecked upon that coast, six or seven years ago. Ever since that time, he has never missed an opportunity of testifying his gratitude; he has repeatedly visited me, and had just been passing two days with us, while his vessel was coming round from London. We had parted from him not more than an hour, my boat having put him on board. I knew that he was waiting for the tide: in a word, we were all on board, and his vessel under weigh, before any efforts could have been made to overtake us. As soon as we found ourselves on board, I led our unfortunate Edward to the cabin, and taking the astonished captain with us, I stated to him exactly what I had seen, adding, that the safety of the young man before him was dearer to me than my life. I concealed nothing from this excellent and

true-hearted man, but the name and rank of his passenger; and this I did as much to spare him future inconvenience, as to increase the security of my poor charge. When my short story was ended, I addressed myself to Lord Darcy with sufficient meaning to make him comprehend my purpose, and said, 'Now, Edward Smith, relate, I entreat you, to my friend and to me, the circumstances which led to this dreadful catastrophe.' What a countenance he has! I never shall forget the manner in which he told his dreadful tale, nor ever did I see remorse so deeply felt. Birdmore's eyes overflowed as well as mine, and giving a hand to each of us, he swore to guard his person, and secret, as tenderly as if they were his own. I determined on accompanying Lady Darcy's son to America; he was in no state to go alone. My Caroline, I knew, would as willingly cross the Atlantic as her drawing-room, if I were with her; but I felt it due to her that I should have no reserves. She, and she alone, knows who he is. Fortunately my servants had never before seen him.

“I have hardly spirits to add more details; but do not increase the misery you must suffer, by any fears for our inconvenience. My credit with Captain Birdmore is good to any amount. After having made a most fortunately rapid run, he went himself on shore with me, and my fearless girl, at Plymouth, and there, in less time than you would believe possible, we furnished ourselves with all that was needful to our whole party for the voyage. I gave the servants their choice of returning on shore, or going with us, and both decided upon following our fortunes. One of them will be invaluable, he has lived with me ever since my marriage, and is active, intelligent, and faithful. The other has been with me only two years, but I believe him to be honest and trust-worthy.

“How to offer you consolation under this dreadful stroke, I know not. One only hope remains, which is, that the young ruffian, whose brutality has cost our poor Edward so dear, may have survived the blow. When I mentioned this hope to him, he shook his head, and answered,

‘No, no, I saw him die,’ and his agony, when the subject is mentioned, is too great to permit my examining him closely, as to the circumstances of the blow. But you will hear from Mr. Wilmot every particular respecting this dreadful business. It will, too, be soon generally known that I accompanied him in his escape; for my person is, I am sure, well known to the party who arrived at the fatal spot in less than five minutes after I quitted it. I am but too sure that all the party were recognised. The lad who has fallen, was the son of a fellow who has long been known as an incorrigible smuggler and thief; and he himself, and his mother, were equally well known as accomplices: the name is Dally. You will, of course, be very careful to assure yourself of his fate. If he be dead, learn where he is buried; and if any shadow of doubt exist, let the body be disinterred. These Dallys are capable of any villainy; though I hardly see what they could gain by a false statement in this matter. Should the worst be true, —should this dear boy be doomed to drag out a

life of exile from the land he seemed born to honour, I think it will be some consolation to his mother, that I am with him ; and I will never leave him more, unless it be in the arms of Lady Darcy.

“The pilot is leaving us :—farewell ! Address to me, under cover, to Captain Birdmore, New York. I shall not remain there longer than will be necessary for the convenience of Caroline : our best retreat, my friend Birdmore tells me, will be in the western part of the State, and thither he will forward my letters.

“ I write to Parnel, my old steward, to pay my rents into Baring’s, on Birdmore’s account, and I can draw at New York. I do not doubt the old man’s punctuality ; but you may satisfy yourself that it has been done, by calling at Baring’s. Once more, farewell !

“ EDWARD GORDON.”

It is quite needless to attempt any description of the feelings produced by this letter.

The hope—the pride—the darling of his house, was a murderer flying from justice.

A few hours after it was received, Mr. Wilmot arrived at Harding Abbey, and brought the fullest confirmation of the dreadful tidings. Young Dally had never spoken after he fell: it was his mother, his uncle, and two men unconnected with the family, who had found him, as described by Mr. Gordon. They had all been examined before a magistrate, and their testimony was clear as to their having found Richard Dally dead upon the beach. An inquest also had been summoned by the coroner, on the spot where the dreadful circumstance had occurred; the bloody knife was found on the ground, and traces of blood were visible in many places. On the inquest, the witnesses above mentioned swore to having seen Lord Darcy stab him, and to his immediately escaping by means of Mr. Gordon's boat; and three out of the four swore that Mr. Gordon and his servant, Robert Threacher, were two of the persons on board the boat; to the identity of the lady, and the

other servant, they would neither of them take oath, though all agreed in stating their belief that the lady was Miss Gordon.

The body had not been buried, but thrown into the sea. The circumstances attending the whole transaction will, perhaps, be best given by extracts from the examination taken before the coroner.

Martha Dally swore that on the 30th of August, about four o'clock in the afternoon, her son Richard had left her house at Carbury, carrying with him a little dog, which he had kept tied up in the house for two or three days; that in going out he said to her and her brother, "If you want to see me come over the young lord that nicked me the other night, you may just look over Carbury cliff an hour hence, or thereabout." That her brother, who was smoking by the fire, said, they had best look after him, or he'd be getting into mischief; that she set off with her brother, William West, in less than one hour after Richard left them, and made towards the cliff; that in their way they

met John Brace, and Joseph Page, and told them that they were going to see Dick Dally take his revenge of the proud young lord at the rectory; that they all went together to the edge of the cliff, and saw Lord Darcy drag Richard Dally out of the boat, and when he had got him on shore, stab him; that they all saw Richard Dally fall, and that they made their way down the cliff as fast as they could go. That just before they reached the place, they saw Mr. Gordon, of Seaton, land from his boat, and lead Lord Darcy away; that when they came to Richard they found him stretched on his back, the life already gone, and the bloody knife lying by his side.

When the woman reached this point of her story she burst into a violent passion of tears, and after in vain endeavouring to recover her voice, was dismissed to make way for her brother.

His evidence agreed with her's in every particular. When he came to the point at which she stopped, he continued the narrative as follows.

Martha Dally sat down upon the sand, and took her son's head in her lap: he was quite dead. The mother cried bitterly, and said her heart was broken, and her living too, for that the father of him was in jail, and she had not a shilling but what the boy got for her. Brace and Page said, 'twas their duty to see after the bloody murderer, and that if he, William West, would stay by his sister, they would go back to the village, get a warrant, and a constable, and a set of stout fellows to man a boat for the pursuit. They also promised to send down some of the neighbours to look after the poor mother, and see to removing the corpse. As soon as the two men were gone, his sister began to bemoan herself afresh, and said 'twas no good to send folks after the body of her boy, for she had no money to bury him. West said that he told her she must not take on for that, but must let the parish bury him. On this she cried again, worse than ever, and said she never could consent that her Richard should be buried that fashion, and that she had

rather a thousand times have him thrown into the sea. West said, this thought seemed first to come upon her in despair, but that she presently took comfort from it. Her boy loved the sea, she said, and in the sea he should lie. He tried to dissuade her from thinking of it, as an idle fancy; but she seemed to take such comfort in the thought, that at last he consented to humour her, and launched his own little skiff, that lay hard by behind a rock, and carried the body of the poor lad into it. He wished to wait till the neighbours came to her, but she would not let him, as she feared, she said, that they would only treat her like a mad woman for wishing it, and, likely enough, would not let it be done. West farther stated, that, seeing no harm in giving her such comfort as she could find, he rowed off into the middle of the bay with the body, and let it gently down into the tide. His poor sister, he said, stood waving her arms to him from the shore, but at last sat down again just where the body fell; and when he rowed back, he found her still sitting

there, crying and bemoaning, and Sophia Grant, and Mary Rogers, were sitting by her. "I told her," continued West, "that I had done her will, and laid her poor boy gently in the sea; and that if I could not bury him like a parson, I prayed to the Lord to receive his soul."

Mary Rogers swore, that hearing the news from John Brace, and Joseph Page, she had come down with Sophy Grant, and brought a bottle of cordial to help the poor mother watch the corse; "and there," continued the woman, "sure enough we found her, sitting beside a pool of blood, wringing her hands, and crying as if her heart would break; so we gave the poor creature a drop of cordial, and she made us look out to sea, and we saw William West's fishing-boat coming in, and he on board her, and when he came to shore, she cried to him, 'Have you buried my poor boy, William? have you laid him in the sea he loved so well?' 'Yes have I, sister,' answered William, 'and I laid him down gentle as if he had been my

own; and now let us help you home, and to bed, for you be fitter for that, than this.' And then Sophy, and I, and William West, took Mother Dally up the cliff, and see'd her home, she crying all the time most pitifully; and that's all my say."

The testimony of Sophia Grant exactly corroborated the above, hardly differing even in words.

The verdict of the coroner was—Wilful murder against Edward Oglander Harding, Earl of Darcy.

This was an awful sentence to listen to, but Lady Darcy heard it almost unmoved. It seemed difficult to entertain any doubt respecting facts so substantiated; yet when she had heard the whole of Mr. Wilmot's statement, and read all the documents which confirmed it, she declared herself unconvinced of the death of young Dally.

Mr. Wilmot had examined the four persons who witnessed the deed, as well as the two women who had afterwards found the mother

on the spot, and was himself perfectly satisfied of the truth of their evidence; he therefore considered it a duty to endeavour, by a re-statement of the facts, and by his own comments upon them, to convince her that by cherishing so erroneous a belief, she was only preparing for herself, and her son, increased suffering, from subsequent disappointment.

Lady Darcy listened to him with the most profound attention; wrote down at length his statement, and every circumstance, however trivial, which his examinations had elicited; and having finished, and reperused the whole, she repeated her conviction that the boy had been removed alive from the spot where he fell, by the man called William West, and that he and the mother had agreed to proclaim him dead, for what purpose it was certainly difficult to say.

"Difficult, indeed, dearest Eleanor," said her father, "and if difficult for us to conceive, how much more difficult to prove!"

"Impossible, impossible!" said Mr. Wilmot;

“and to me I confess it is perfectly incredible, that four persons, two of them no way connected with the parties, should agree, on oath, in a statement from which they could derive no possible benefit.”

“It is difficult to understand it,” said Lady Darcy; “but to me it is still more so to believe the tale of the sea burial: there is no nature in it, to my feelings; and in my judgment, there is no truth.”

Mr. Oglander, almost against his will, was staggered by her strong conviction; yet he feared to encourage a hope, the disappointment of which would be so terrible. It was, however, in vain that he continued to point out the strength of the evidence, nothing could shake her conviction; and Mr. Wilmot returned to his home with the painful feeling that the admirable woman he had left, had yet to taste the full misery of her situation.

Left alone with her father, the high minded Lady Darcy for a moment gave way to the feeling of anguish which a separation from her

son, under such circumstances, was calculated to produce; but this natural gust of passion being past, she became much more calm and self-possessed than her father.

In an agitated and hurried manner, quite the reverse of what was usual to him, Mr. Oglander proposed that they should immediately prepare to follow the fugitive.

Lady Darcy listened to him gently and patiently, heard him arrange all the details of the plan they were to pursue, soothed him by her own composure, and in the course of a few hours, so far restored the tone of his mind, as to enable him to listen to her tranquilly.

She then declared to him her determination of remaining in England for the purpose of investigating that part of the business which she considered as so mysterious, namely, the disappearance of the body. "We could be of no use to our boy, my dear father," she continued; "there is one with him who can well supply our place; and a murderer, and an exile, flying from the laws of his country—I think

Edward would die in looking upon us. Let us remain here, at least till my mind has learnt to believe the worst; by that time, his will be better subdued to bear it: and then, father, we will leave our home and our country for ever, and watch him droop and die—for so he will; Edward will not long survive shame and degradation."

Mr. Oglander half convinced, and half persuaded she was right, yielded to her arrangement, and immediately answered Mr. Gordon's letter,—as such a letter deserved to be answered.

Seldom, indeed, does the course of human affairs offer occasion for a proof of attachment so devoted, as that given by Mr. Gordon. His elegant home, his liberal hospitality, his habits of refinement and tranquillity, were all abandoned; and what touched him nearer still, he had snatched his beautiful heiress from the scene of enjoyment just opening before her. This, in fact, was the only part of his share in this dreadful calamity, which had caused him a

pang. He was conscious of acting in obedience to a feeling, which combated in his bosom the affection he felt for Caroline; and a sense of injustice to her had often painfully shot through his heart. Lady Darcy understood all this, yet she could not write to thank him. She feared to rouse her own feelings;—she feared to give him another pang, by showing them. She added but one line to her father's letter:—

“To know that my unhappy boy is in your hands, is the only consolation I am capable of feeling.

“ELEANOR.”

Neither did Lady Darcy write to her son; “Not yet, not yet; he could not bear it, sir,” was her answer to Mr. Oglander's proposal that she should do so. “No, I dare not write to him.”

Very rarely did Lady Darcy give way to such feelings, still seldomer did she express them. Her mind was fully occupied by the purpose of

investigating the point on which hung the hope that sustained her. What the means were which she took to carry these inquiries into effect, and what success attended them, will be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER VI.

Not much he loved long question of the past.—BYRON.

It was an hour past midnight, and the blazing fire had sunk into embers, yet still the unfortunate Lord Darcy was awake. When first he had stretched himself on his cloak, with a bundle of straw for his pillow, like the rest of the men crowded into the squire's kitchen, fatigue of body had caused him for a few moments to fall asleep; but the frightful images which occupied his mind, were too freshly impressed, to permit him long to enjoy it. He opened his eyes, looked upon the strange scene which surrounded him, and slept no more.

Mr. Gordon, at the 'squire's invitation, had laid himself on the outside of the bed, and slept profoundly; so it seemed did the rest, though less comfortably accommodated; for each one of them, wrapped in such garments as he could find, lay perfectly still, and breathed heavily.

Visions of his splendid distant home, blended with the form and the voice of his mother, passed through the aching head of the young Edward. He had never wept since the dark moment which had made him, and all he loved, miserable; but now tears came, and for many minutes he wept bitterly. The fear of disturbing the sleepers, restrained the sobs that were bursting from his bosom; and he raised his head from the straw on which it rested, to seek a position that should better enable him to check their utterance. In doing this, his eyes met those of the 'squire's brother, wide open, and fixed earnestly upon him.

There was something in the look and manner of this man, singularly repulsive; he had hardly spoken since they had entered; and Lord Darcy

had remarked that he had eyed every individual of their party with a sharp, but covert scrutiny, very unlike the openly expressed curiosity of their host. Lord Darcy again settled himself on his pillow, but though soon apparently sleeping, he contrived still to observe the movements of the watcher. For some time after their eyes had met, he too lay profoundly still, but in about half an hour, believing, probably, that Lord Darcy was again asleep, he rose from his place with a stealthy, noiseless movement, well calculated to avoid disturbing the others, and stepping outside the circle of sleepers, crept round to the place where Lord Darcy lay. He paused for a moment behind him; Lord Darcy even fancied that he slightly touched him; but being fully prepared to spring upon his feet, in case of actual violence, he continued to lie perfectly still, in order, if possible, to ascertain what the man's object might be. In this, however, he was defeated, for he immediately returned to his place as quietly as he had left it, and again placing himself on the floor, soon fell

into a slumber, to the reality of which his snoring gave strong evidence.

Lord Darcy rose from his painful position, and opening the door of the rude dwelling, walked out into the forest. The moon had risen high into the heavens, and though on the wane, gave a clear bright light, such as no Englishman can see without surprise and pleasure. But to the unfortunate Edward, no pleasure came without bringing pain also. The whole scene brought heavily upon his heart the distance of his home. The log hut, divided by an open portico, into two separate dwellings; the tall stalks of Indian corn, waving their tassels in the breeze of night; the dark impenetrable wall of forest, that seemed to form the only fence and barrier to the cleared space around him; the various sized, and long handled gourds lying about for household purposes; the loud, deep, unceasing croak of the bull-frog, and at intervals, the hollow, painful howl of the distant wolf, all spoke of a country that was not his own.

The rainy night had given place to a dry clear morning, and Lord Darcy awaking the two servants, stated to them the necessity of endeavouring to procure some better conveyance for Miss Gordon, than they had heard proposed last night. He desired William would accompany him in his search for this, and left it in charge with Robert to explain the cause of their absence. William had not been long enough in America to venture a remonstrance, but under colour of wishing to prevent the young gentleman's suffering from the morning air, while fasting, he unceremoniously opened the good woman's cupboard, and presented to him a substantial ration of ham and corn bread, apologising respectfully for taking the liberty of appropriating a similar one to himself. Lord Darcy made no objection to the arrangement, which in truth was likely enough to be necessary, only stipulating that their breakfast should be delayed till they had left the house, as he greatly desired to avoid waking his weary friends ; so leaving it in commission with Robert to explain the attack on

the pantry, he sallied forth, followed by the shivering servant. They had no great difficulty in finding their way back to the Big Mud Creek; and so dismal did the yawning chasm look by the faint grey twilight, that neither did Lord Darcy, though once the dauntless leader of every Eton frolic, nor yet his stout 'squire William, deem it wise to peril their safety by the ticklish bridge, but turning from the path they descended the bank to the ford; having passed it, and again regained the track, they followed it till it brought them to the road. Here they still saw the heavy coach; and on examination, found the luggage just as they had left it the night before.

"This is no thieving country, at any rate, sir," observed William.

"Indeed it should seem so, by the little care taken to guard our property," replied Lord Darcy. "Do you remember, William, how far they said it was to the next post?"

"Five miles, sir, I think, from here; it will

be a long walk for you, young gentleman, and you don't look well."

"It will do me no harm, William, and the road, though rough, is better walking than the thicket."

With this cheering reflection, they pursued their way stoutly, and by seven o'clock reached a solitary tavern by the road side.

Lord Darcy entered, and the first person he encountered was the driver belonging to the disabled coach.

"So so, youngster," he began, "how did you find your way to this? What, you missed the clearing, I expect? and the pretty girl what was with you, where have you left her? She be your sister, I calculate?"

Lord Darcy told him in reply, that the rest of the party were at the 'squire's, and he had come thither in the hope of obtaining some sort of carriage to convey them to the high road again.

"Ay, well, that's all very right and dutiful of

you, young man. I expect t'other man be your father?"

Lord Darcy again evaded his question, by asking him if he knew any means of obtaining a carriage to go into the forest.

"Well, now, I calculate as the thing may be done. But did your father send you express, young man? 'cause it will not be done, I can certify, without paying for; and if you are just come over of your own whim, how can the major here, what keeps the tavern, be sure of getting paid?"

"Have no fear on that subject, sir," said Lord Darcy; "I will pay for the horses before we set off, if that will be more satisfactory:—where can I find the major?"

"How unaccountable sudden all the folks is, what comes from the old country; you won't lose no time, I expect, by just answering a civil question. Did you tell your father as you was coming?"

Here William, who was too far acquainted with the situation of Lord Darcy, not to feel

that this questioning must be troublesome, stepped in to his relief by saying, "I do assure you, time is very important with us, and you may be quite sure that my master will approve every thing my young master orders about the carriage."

"Your MASTER! and your YOUNG MASTER! Why how can you, being a white man, do such a wrong to yourself, and the children as may come after you, as to call any man your master?"

"And what would you have me call him then? Is'n't he my master?"

"Call him? why call him the man what you helps, or Mr. —; pray what may his name be? I don't remember seeing names on any of the boxes."

William, however, was born in Yorkshire, and not to be so caught. "I do assure you, friend," he replied, "that my master, or the man what I helps, or whatever it may be your fashion to call him, will not be over well pleased, if I stay here talking of how he is to be called: I call him my master, and a very good master

he is, and I'll see to get horses for him, if any are to be had, for love or money."

So saying, he sallied forth into the yard, leaving the coachman, and two other men smoking with him, expressing their profound contempt for a white man who could call another his master, and who could be so unaccountable soft, as to care whether he had horses or not. Lord Darcy gladly left the loud laugh, which followed this satire upon the "slavish natur' of the English," to follow William to the stables; and there, by promising to give a high price for an *extra*, he obtained a sort of light covered waggon, that they called a Deerborn, with a pair of horses, and a driver who professed to know his way to Silas Burns' clearing, as well as he did to the Eagle-bar.

"That will do, I expect," said the major, laughing. The military Boniface then asked Lord Darcy if he would not like a julap, as the morning was raw and cold; but this he declined, not well knowing the nature of the refreshment offered, saying that he should be

glad of some coffee, while the carriage was preparing.

"My lady is not quite ready, I guess, as yet, but however, we'll get along as quick as we can. Here, Clarinda, girl, fix the coffee; so, so, here comes madam, now we shall stir, I expect."

In a few minutes Lord Darcy was invited to sit down to the breakfast-table, the coachman at his right hand, and William at his left; the latter, it is true, objected to the arrangement, and looked by no means comfortable when the young nobleman signified his pleasure that so it should be. Several persons, whose stations or professions it was not very easy to determine, joined the party.

The meal was dispatched with the same rapidity as that of the preceding evening; but a good deal of curiosity seemed to be excited by the English travellers, and the party lingered at the table, while the following conversation took place.

The major began, as is usual in every part of

the country, with a question:—"Be you one of the party, then, as was willing to give Simon Hicks five dollars for showing them two miles of as plain walking as is in the forest between here and York?"

"I made no engagement of the kind, sir," replied Lord Darcy.

"But one of ye did, I expect? You won't be off that?"

"I never concern myself, sir, respecting any of the travelling arrangements."

"'Twas your father, wasn't it, youngster, what gived the money?" questioned the coachman.

"You are quite mistaken," interposed William, "if you fancy that the young gentleman watches my master that way; 'tis not the English fashion."

The coachman gave the major a wink.

"Is it the English fashion, young man, to look as pale as you do now, when a civil question is asked?"

"I have had a fatiguing night, and I may

look pale without any national peculiarity," replied Lord Darcy, gravely.

"It is somehow no ways convenient, I expect," reiterated the coachman, "for you to say whether that tall gentleman what travels with you, is your father or not."

"It certainly, sir, is no ways convenient for me to answer so many questions, when I so greatly wish to hasten my departure."

"Well, my man," said the major, "we'll ask you no more questions, and then you'll tell us no lies, as the saying is. But you've a taking face of your own, and, for kindness, I'll give you a hint:—while you are travelling disguised among the Yankees, don't you be paying ten times more nor is necessary for what you want; for if you do, as sure as my name is Dan Storer, they'll think as you have some reason for it."

Lord Darcy rose from the table greatly agitated; the good-natured landlord followed him to the door, and putting his hand, not rudely, on his shoulder, said, "You've done no great

harm, my lad, I'll be sworn ; your's is not a face for bad mischief, except among the girls ; but mind what I say, if you throw your money about that fashion, and look so miserable all the time, there is not a Yankee that sees it, but will be after misdoubting that all isn't right. And now good morning to you, young man, here comes the Deerborn, and I wish you well, heartily."

Lord Darcy's eyes filled with tears ; he shook the major's hand, but said not a word, and making a sign for William to follow, stepped into the carriage.

Fortunately, William, though a little frightened, and very much provoked, had not lost his habits of business ; he paid for their breakfast, and moreover, arranged with the coachman that he should get the luggage from his overturned coach, and be ready to start again with the party, as soon as they should arrive.

Two hours took them to the 'squire's, where they found Mr. Gordon and Caroline amusing themselves in examining the forest farm. The

'squire was in high good humour at the opportunity of exhibiting so many native wonders to the strangers; and the females of the family were talking away to Caroline with great gaiety. In fact, she had won all their hearts by giving one a ring, another a brooch, and so on. Even Mrs. Burns herself began to doubt, if there were indeed any thing so very monstrous about her, though she could not yet recall the mysterious affair of the solitary bed, without a kind of shudder.

When Miss Gordon saw the equipage brought for her, she gave Lord Darcy a smile, and a nod, which would have repaid any one, who valued smiles and nods, for a greater fatigue than it had cost him.

"I expect," said she, gaily, but too low to be heard by the Burns' family, "I expect that I prefer them horses considerable beyond the oxen."

Lord Darcy looked round for the watcher of the night, but he was nowhere to be seen. He hastened the movements of the party, by the

information that the coachman would be waiting for them. A friendly farewell passed on all sides, and the travellers departed, by no means displeased at the new picture of life Silas Burns' clearing had offered to them.

The party reached Rochester late in the evening, but without farther accident, and were well disposed to appreciate the comfort of excellent beds.

Mr. Gordon brought with him from Captain Birdmore, two letters of introduction for this place; where, by his advice, it was determined they should remain, at least till letters arrived from England. Captain Birdmore had proposed it, as being sufficiently remote to avoid all danger from meeting acquaintance, and also from its being the resort of settlers from nearly all parts of the world, which he thought would, in some degree, secure them from the observation and inquiry so desirable to be avoided in their situation.

One of these letters was to a lawyer, a man in good business, and of considerable property

and influence. The other was given chiefly with a view to the comfort of Caroline, and was to a Mrs. Williams, the widow of a man who had held a high station under the government, but who left her at his death with such a slender income, as induced her to settle with an only daughter at Rochester, as a much cheaper residence than Washington, where she had long resided ; and also as being the home of her sister, the wife of the Presbyterian clergyman there.

It was not without some difficulty that our party obtained a private room for breakfast the morning after their arrival at Rochester ; but Mr. Gordon, having looked into the apartment where the public breakfast was placed, and seeing at least fifty men already seated there, could not endure the idea of his daughter's joining the party, notwithstanding his wish to adopt as much as possible the manners of the country.

While taking their breakfast, Mr. Gordon asked Edward to accompany him in his visit to

Mr. Warner, to whom he wished to deliver his letter in person, as he was desirous, as soon as possible, to obtain by his aid a permanent private residence. Lord Darcy was naturally animated, gay, and conversable; but the heavy load which lay upon his heart had changed him sorely. It was still only at intervals, and those of short duration, that his native spirit shone forth; and when it did, it seemed only to make the shadow which hung over him appear the darker. He seldom, however, made any allusion to his unhappy situation; and not all the affectionate attention of Mr. Gordon, or the persevering good humour of his daughter, could overcome the cold restraint of his stifled wretchedness. But on the present occasion, when they spoke of taking up their residence in this remote place, as a thing of course, and fixed upon,—and when he remembered that, degraded as he was, it was for him they made the sacrifice, the full heart spoke, and for the first time he poured out before them such a flood of feeling, that Caroline was obliged to

leave the room to conceal her emotion. When she returned, it seemed as if the statue had returned to its pedestal; the glow had passed from his cheek, and his eyes were again turned towards the ground. She spoke cheerfully as she placed herself at the table; Mr. Gordon took the same tone, and talked of the amusement he anticipated from passing some time in a place so very unlike, in all its circumstances, any he had ever before visited.

“ By 'Squire Burns' account, papa, we shall find a most brilliant society here; we must all exert ourselves to do credit to the poor old country we come from. And by the way, Mr. Smith, I recommend you, the next time you wish to remove some of those suberabundant sable curls, to employ Robert. I assure you he is a most accomplished peruquier, and your own performance in that line has left a gap almost as awful as Big Mud Creek.”

Edward raised his hand to his head, and felt indeed that part of the curls had been cut off. He immediately mentioned the circumstance

which had happened the preceding night; and it was impossible to doubt that the man who had so mysteriously approached him must have cut off part of his hair.

It was difficult to understand the motive for this. His hair was very peculiar, both from its colour and its close curl; and it immediately struck Mr. Gordon that it had been done for the purpose of identifying the young man; but why this Hannibal Burns should wish to do so, was unintelligible. It was impossible that any discovery of the unhappy circumstances of Lord Darcy could as yet have been made; yet how otherwise could they assign any motive for the action? Poor Edward himself seemed to pay little attention to it; but mentioned, as an incentive to greater caution in future, the remarks of the major at the tavern.

“Oh, my poor dear papa,” exclaimed Caroline, “if it be necessary to become economical, in order to propitiate the natives, what will become of you?”

“You shall see me a model of discretion on

that point, Caroline, so take care of your bonnets, and your bows, and don't give away any more rings, though you should find still prettier hands than those of Miss Euphrosyne."

After breakfast the two gentlemen repaired to the residence of Mr. Warner. They were directed to a neat brick house, having a green door between four windows, two on each side; a goodly row of five sashes spread themselves at regular intervals above, all of them, both above and below, being furnished with bright green Venetian window shutters. On either side, the house was flanked by a tiny wing, having each its window and green blinds. One of these contained the office of Mr. Warner, as might be learnt from a large board over a door round the corner, on which might be read in gold letters, "Washington Warner, attorney-at-law." The other wing, if examined from behind, would be found on that side, open to the heavens, and serving the double purpose of a summer kitchen, and a wash-house. A portico, supported by wooden pillars, ran across the whole front, and

gave the house an air of consequence. This mansion was approached from the road by a straight walk, covered with tanners' bark, on each side of which flourished a square patch of clover grass. The house formed one side of the enclosure, and the other three were bounded by a white paling, having a neat gate opposite the door of entrance. On the right hand side of this enclosure, another gate led by a narrow path, but also well prepared with "tan," to the door above mentioned. Mr. Gordon inquired at the house for Mr. Warner, but was told by a young girl who opened the door, that "Mr. Warner was at his office round the corner." Round the corner, therefore, went Mr. Gordon and Edward, and presently found themselves in the "office." On inquiring for Mr. Warner, a person seated near the fire arose, closed the pen-knife with which he had been cleaning his nails, and having placed it in his pocket, came forward, and received the letter Mr. Gordon held in his hand. Two young men were seated

at desks near the window, and all three kept their hats on. Mr. Warner received the letter with a slight bow, and took no farther notice of the bearer till he had read it. He was a respectable looking man of middle age, with a good forehead, and an eye expressive of much acuteness and good sense. Had not his lips, like those of the generality of his countrymen, been thin and compressed, he would have been handsome. When he had finished the perusal of the letter, he shook hands with both the gentlemen, and desired them to be seated.

“ I presume Mr. Warner, my friend Captain Birdmore has informed you that I purpose residing for some months in or near Rochester, and I believe he has asked you to be kind enough to assist me in finding a house that may suit my family.”

“ Captain Birdmore, sir, has told me that he desires my good offices for the kindest friend he has ever known, and it will give me great pleasure if I can be useful to you.”

"My present object, Mr. Warner, is to find a residence, the hotel is extremely disagreeable to my daughter."

"You have a daughter with you, sir? Is the young lady grown?"

"She is just nineteen, sir."

"Indeed, sir, she must not stay at the hotel. You must all take up your quarters with me, till we can find a house. Do you calculate upon opening a mercantile concern?"

"Not at all; I intend to see America before I return to Europe; and Captain Birdmore recommended me to make Rochester my winter quarters, as offering a specimen of the rapid progress of society in this direction, highly interesting to a stranger."

"Birdmore is right, Mr. Gordon. The growth of Rochester is unequalled in the history of the world. This young man is your son, sir?"

"No, he is my pupil. Why not show him the continent of America, Mr. Warner, as well as the continent of Europe?"

"Your observation, sir, shows you to be a superior man. You are what they call the young gentleman's travelling tutor, then? And the young lady, sir, has she a mamma?"

"No, sir; her mother has long been dead."

"That's a sad loss, as I know, though I have only boys. These are my sons, Mr. Gordon (pointing to the young men at the desks), these are my sons, and my partners."

The parties bowed.

"And what may this young gentleman's name be?"

"Smith, sir; Mr. Edward Smith."

The conversation thus opened, proceeded in a very friendly manner, and concluded by Mr. Gordon's agreeing to bring his daughter to dinner at two o'clock, when, he said, she should herself reply to the hospitable offer of apartments in Mr. Warner's mansion, till they could find one for themselves.

When the two gentlemen returned to the inn, they found Miss Gordon amusing herself with watching a large bear fed, which was fastened

up in the yard, and listening to an old Scotchman who was giving her a history of the manner in which it had come there.

"It had been the favourite companion," he said, "of poor Sam Patch, and had accompanied him when he had leaped off Goat Island into the Niagara flood, and when he had leaped for the first time from the point which overhangs the Genesee fall."

"What is this story of floods and falls, Caroline?" said Mr. Gordon.

"A very extraordinary one, papa," she replied, "as you will allow when you have heard it. The man to whom this bear belonged, got his living by leaping over all the highest falls in this land of cataracts."

"Is this so?" said Mr. Gordon, addressing the old man.

"It is nothing but the truth that I have spoken; jumping the falls was the only trade of poor Sam Patch; and this fine bear ever leaped in after him, and rose too with him, like

a cork, far beyond the froth and foam that seemed to bury them."

"And how came it that he did not perish with him?" inquired Mr. Gordon.

"'Tis hard to say, Master," answered the Scotchman; "but to me it seems as if God did not send his shadows before, to the sight of the highlander only:—poor Sam must have had a warning, ere he took the plunge."

"Then why did he take it?"

"Who shall tell that, sir? 'Tis of the secrets that we may not know. It was to be, he saw it, but he could not change it."

"What makes you think that he foresaw his fate?" asked Caroline.

"I was here when he started off to meet his doom, and 'twas to me he gave the beast to keep for him. 'Donald,' said he, and something seemed swelling in his throat as he spoke it, 'Donald, keep him till I come back;' and he had just such a look as if he meant to say outright—and that will be long enough, Donald."

“ Did you not ask his reason for leaving it ? ”

“ Surely I did, sir. ‘ Why not take him with you, Sam ? ’ said I. ‘ I don’t know, Donald,’ said he, ‘ but I guess I wont.’ And so he started off, whistling and gay-like ; but my mind misgave me, and I did but fasten up the beast, and followed after ; and when I came to the grassy bit that juts out from the bank, right over the falls of the Genesee, I saw a stage built up some twenty feet or more, for the hundred and sixty feet of God’s building did not seem high enough to the doomed man. He had just mounted it, and was stepping with a bold, firm step, on the floor of the stage which overhung the cliff a yard or so : there he stood, and looked down into the white and roaring foam that seemed springing up to meet him. He was very pale then, but he smiled and nodded to the crowd below. My mind was sorely troubled, and I thought I’d try to stop him for that time, but when I ran up the ladder, and was within a step or two of him on the stage, he sprang from off it.”

"Frightful!" exclaimed Caroline. "Did he speak to no one?"

"I heard him say *mother!* but no word beside, as his feet parted from the plank that held him. Ere he had dropped ten feet, I saw him waver and bend; when he took the leap before, he fell straight and self-balanced; and when he rose out of the water, a score of yards beyond the torrent, he told us all, that he had never lost his head for a single moment."

"What a strange abuse of courage this man's life seems to have exhibited," said Mr. Gordon to Edward, "I should doubt his being perfectly in his senses. Did he show any symptoms of madness on other subjects?"

"No, sir," answered Donald, "he was not mad, but it was a fearful trade, and too daring a tempting of Providence; but yet, his was a bold heart, and there is something in that, to make an old soldier pity his dark ending, though it was scarcely a righteous one."

"Did he rise to the surface of the water?"

"No, sir, we saw him no more; but his

mother got his poor mangled body afterwards; his fine limbs, all bruised and broken. They found him three miles down the stream, and there they buried him. The Genesee dances gaily by his grave, and I have fancied, as I stood and watched it as it bounded by, that it mocked him, for having scorned its power."

Donald spoke in broad Scotch; but the beautiful idiom must not be tampered with by the ignorant, his words therefore have been given in English. But neither his accents, nor his phrases, were more unlike those of the country he was in, than his thoughts and feelings appeared to be. The English party listened to his narrative with great interest, and the old man looked at them in return, wistfully, and as if they revived thoughts of days that were gone.

"You have not been long in this land, gentlemen? May be, you will soon leave it. If I mistake not, it is not where the horny hands make the laws, or where the thriving trader makes the gentleman, that you will either of you feel at home:—so I wish you all a safe

voyage back again to the old land. Donald would not bide long behind, if he could help it." So saying, the poor Scotchman walked away, without waiting for a reply.

CHAPTER VII.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
'Tis but a peevish boy.

I love thee ; I have spoke it : how much the quantity,—
The weight as much as I do love my father.

SHAKSPEARE.

MISS GORDON heard, with some surprise, of the invitation to domesticate themselves at the house of Mr. Warner ; she made, however, no objection to it, for she had found the hotel too disagreeable to induce any wish to remain there.

This point being settled, Mr. Gordon proposed that they should employ the time till the hour of their appointment, in visiting the Falls of the Genesee, to which the story of old Donald had given additional interest.

They set out accordingly, and at a quarter of a mile from the town, came upon a scene, which, could it be cleared of mills, factories, engines, and all the other appurtenances of a great "water privilege," would be sufficiently imposing to repay a voyage across the Atlantic. Lord Darcy, indeed, contrived to scramble down a steep and slippery bank, till he found himself in front of a falling sheet of water, one hundred and sixty feet high, and a hundred feet wide. For a few short moments he felt an unmixed pleasure: the thundering noise of the torrent; its even, ceaseless, solemn movement; the white and glittering clouds of spray that rose for ever and for ever the same, yet seeming every instant to change; altogether, formed such a new world to his senses, that every thing else was forgotten.

Poor Caroline, meanwhile, had for her foreground the black square frame of a factory window, and it was almost with as much mortification as pleasure, that she looked and listened to the magnificent water-fall.

"What a scene must this have been, papa, when Indians stopped their chase to look upon it!—And these are the improvements of the white men?"

Caroline spoke in the low quiet tone of voice so strangely audible within the reach of any sound, however loud, which continues equal and unchanged, and a workman who overheard her, mistaking her meaning, answered, "Why yes, miss, the difference is pretty considerable great. Once set the Americans to work, and you'll soon see how they'll turn water into whisky, as we say."

Mr. Gordon, who did not wish Caroline to explain her meaning farther, replied to the address of the man, by observing that, "a very few years had made a great change at Rochester."

"You may say that; I expect you be from the old country, sir, by your broken English, and I can certify that through the whole extent of our wonderful country, you won't find nothing to outshine Rochester. Twenty years ago

there was not a foot of cleared ground nowhere near it, and now the improvements runs faster than the clearing can follow, as I may say, for there is a many a fine drawing-room in Rochester as is built over a cellar, where the stumps is standing to this day."

While this conversation was going on, Caroline changed her position, in the hope of finding some outlet, whence she might more advantageously contemplate the cataract, than through the factory window.

With this object, she made her way towards what seemed a door-way, but when she had reached it she stopped, shuddering, for another step had plunged her into the flood. This door-way, constructed for some purpose of the manufactory, not only gave her a better view of the torrent, but permitted her also to see a part of the steep and broken bank; and there, on a point which projected giddily beyond every other, she saw Lord Darcy, standing with his arms folded on his breast, and his head bent eagerly forward over the abyss. His position

appeared to her so extremely dangerous, that she uttered an involuntary cry, which reached his ear; he turned suddenly round, and seeing her figure on the very edge of the opening, without any visible protection against her falling from it, he waved to her to retire, and at the same time turning to retrace his steps, was in a few moments at her side.

; "Upon my word, Mr. Smith, I shall recommend papa to hire some one by way of a keeper, to follow you about, for I really know nothing more annoying than the heedless manner in which boys expose themselves to danger."

"Were you alarmed for me, Miss Gordon? When I heard your cry, and saw you in so exposed a situation, I feared you were in danger yourself; this door is a more perilous station than the one I have left, and the view is not half so beautiful."

Nothing could be more different than the feelings with which Miss Gordon and Lord Darcy addressed each other.

Young Darcy's concern for her safety was

expressed frankly and unaffectedly; Caroline, on the contrary, feeling much more than she chose to acknowledge even to herself, coloured, was embarrassed, and finally affected a tone as foreign as possible from what her heart dictated.

These two young people had been thrown together under circumstances calculated to awaken much and powerful interest in both; but unfortunately of a very different nature. Though there is some truth in the saucy saying of Rosalind, that "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love;" yet it can hardly be denied that love is, generally speaking, the passion which has the greatest influence on the history of human life; it rarely happens, however, that it can assert its power in a heart which throbs tumultuously from any other feeling.

The passions, indeed, are all terrible autocrats; they will admit neither of a council of ten, nor of three, nor even of two; each must and will reign supreme and alone: be it for an

hour, a day, or for ever, it matters not; while each endures he is omnipotent.

It may sometimes chance that love, disguised in too gentle a shape to be recognised as a passion, will steal in and put the reigning tyrant to the rout; but Miss Gordon was not made to steal into a heart, though eminently qualified to take a vast number by storm; and at the time they met, the heart of Lord Darcy was most securely, though most sadly, garrisoned.

Caroline, on the contrary, finding herself suddenly withdrawn from all that was wont to fill her imagination, and occupy her time, was precisely in the position most favourable for receiving a deep impression. Perhaps, as the medical gentlemen say, when speaking of cholera patients, there was a predisposition in the subject; and poor Caroline was over head and ears in love, before she had ever dreamed that such a thing was possible. The first time it occurred to her that Lord Darcy filled a very considerable portion of her thoughts, whether

present or absent, she felt inexpressibly provoked with herself for only imagining that such a thing could be possible. She was by no means ignorant that she was beautiful, well born, richly endowed, and highly accomplished; she knew that wherever she had hitherto been seen, it was rather to be worshipped than admired. Could she, who never yet thought any man worthy to pick up her glove (except her father), could she be in love with a boy, who it appeared extremely probable did not care a straw for her? Poor Caroline! she struggled hard, but it was all in vain,—she was in love, and had to suffer all the great and little pains, the hopes and the fears, the pretence of disdain, and the reality of adoring the “peevish boy,” whose heart seemed buried in his native land, or swallowed up and lost in his own deep sorrow.

Lord Darcy, without any figure of speech, would willingly have died to save or to serve Miss Gordon; but so he would had she squinted, or been ploughed by the small-pox.

Caroline sometimes suspected as much; and then her heart swelled, and her cheek glowed, and she treated him with a sort of contemptuous condescension, by no means calculated to soothe or to win the heart of the proud and melancholy boy.

But it was not often that pique or vexation could overcome the gay sweetness of her temper. She loved Darcy, but she pitied him too; and her manner was generally so kind, and so truly amiable, that had he been a whit less miserable he must have loved her.

Could Caroline have entered fully into his feelings, could she have guessed the extreme misery he was suffering, his sentiments towards her would probably have been very different; for he would have been no longer wounded by the light gaiety of her manner. She hoped to raise his spirits by her sprightly sallies, and to win his affection by her cheerfulness, when, in fact, the sight of a smile, or the sound of laughter, seemed little less than cruelty. It was not therefore till prolonged acquaintance had taught

him to know the real goodness of her heart, that personal esteem and brotherly affection were added to the deep interest he felt as a matter of course for the child of his preserver. The idea that he had endangered her health, or her welfare, haunted him like another crime, and in no inconsiderable degree increased his suffering. When at length her kindness and sweet temper had conquered these painful feelings, he began to do her justice; but never for an instant had her attractions affected his senses. How the young and petted beauty bore this will be seen hereafter; but at the moment to which the narrative has reached, hope played about her heart. "Why had he seemed so terrified?" Her cheek dimpled, and her eye sparkled, as she asked herself the question; and she returned to the hotel, declaring that the cataract of the Genesee was by far the most delightful scene she had ever visited.

CHAPTER VIII.

Is it not better then to be alone?—BYRON.

MISS GORDON felt herself a little disconcerted at being the only female at Mr. Warner's table; but he consoled her by the assurance, that he had invited two ladies "to keep her company at supper." In the mean time she found herself the object of very minute attention to Mr. Brutus Warner, and his brother, Jerubbaal. Beauty of feature is so extremely common in America, that though it is certainly the only female qualification which receives attention there, it seldom excites the same strong sensation it does elsewhere. It was probably,

therefore, not the beauty of Miss Gordon, glowing as it was, that made the two young men regard her with such curious earnestness. The elder of the two had much the advantage of his brother in appearance, having a remarkably handsome face. His person also would have been fine, had he not already adopted that peculiar convexity of the shoulders, and corresponding hollowness of chest, so general among his countrymen. Mr. Jerubbaal, or as he was familiarly termed, Jerry Warner, was much shorter, and his only claim to good looks rested on a pair of bright, good-humoured black eyes. These were fixed on Miss Gordon, from the moment he entered the dining-room, more with the look of a person examining some exotic curiosity, than with that of a man gazing on a pretty woman. Mr. Brutus gazed too, but it was not quite in the same manner. There was that comfortable air of self-esteem about him, which is the best preservative against undue admiration of another. Perhaps if the feelings of the two had been expressed

in words, it would have been in the following manner:—

The eldest might have said, "I'll take care she sha'n't see me in this rum waistcoat again; and I'll have my hair curled this afternoon: I'm mistaken if she don't see as handsome a beau at Rochester as ever she saw in London."

Mr. Jerubbaal would probably have said, "I never saw any girl like that one before, not even when I went with father to New York. Her eyes ar'n't so much brighter, neither, than Alice Thompson's, and she is not altogether so much handsomer than the wax beauty at the Museum; but she's got a look that I never saw equalled, and her speech is altogether as unaccountable."

Meanwhile the father did the honours of his table with a frank but quiet hospitality. It was evident that he felt considerable curiosity respecting his guests, but it was not coarsely expressed. It was hardly possible, however, for the easy graceful manners of Miss Gordon, or the polite vivacity of her father, to overcome

the cold silence of an American dinner-table. She talked, though she had nothing to say, and laughed, without being at all amused; yet, still Mr. Warner replied by three words at a time, and his sons continued to feed with ravenous rapidity, and imperturbable gravity of countenance. Mr. Gordon talked of farming, and of merchandise; of reviews, and of pamphlets; but it was all to no purpose: the Warner family seemed to have no other object in sitting down to dinner than to swallow their food. As soon as this matter of business was finished, and the table cleared, Mr. Warner poured out a glass of wine for the young lady, and handed it to her, with the intimation, that as soon as she had taken it, he would show her the way to the drawing-room.

She did as she was desired, drank her glass of wine, and then rose to attend him; one slight and furtive glance to her father expressed a feeling half comic, half disconsolate, as she quitted the room. Mr. Warner gallantly stepped before, to open the door of the opposite

parlour; then returning, and holding her fast at once by the wrist and elbow, he escorted her across the passage, and she presently found herself installed as the sole occupant of this "neatly fixed" apartment. A few half-lighted logs smoked on the hearth; the carpet did not more than half cover the floor; a black horse-hair sofa, so slippery, that after the first attempt she carefully abstained from sitting on it, and ten gaily-painted wooden chairs were ranged round the walls. In addition to which, was a fine side-board, the principal ornament of the room, and two small tables, whose flaps hung by their side in shining uselessness; but no single article, either useful or ornamental, broke the square dreariness of the space in which she stood. A small mirror hung between the windows, and Caroline, as she caught sight of her face in it, smiled at the forlorn expression it exhibited. Having finished her survey of the apartment, she had recourse to the window; it looked into the square enclosure already described, and about a minute and a

half sufficed to complete her examination. Nothing in the slightest degree approaching to the nature of a book was to be found in the room; a price-current, or a Rochester Directory, would have been a treasure; but she looked round for such luxury in vain. She finally settled herself in one of the unpromising chairs, in the middle of the little hearth rug; and there, her foot resting on the low fender, her eyes fixed on the fire, and her arms in that "sad knot" which announces a determination to meditate, she began to recapitulate her adventures, and her feelings, from the day of her strange departure from her home to the present moment; and so entirely did this recapitulation occupy her, that she soon forgot where she was. Lord Darcy, engaging, melancholy, and indifferent, was the only object before her. Strange, unaccountable, fascinating, ungracious, cold, insensible, were the epithets successively applied to him, as all the scenes in which they had been engaged together passed in rapid review through her

mind. At last her thoughts settled upon the evident emotion he had displayed that morning, when he thought she was in danger. "He will love me at last," she mentally exclaimed, "I am sure he will; at any rate, I will not play the part of a love-lorn nymph: no, not if I follow the example of poor Sam Patch to avoid it. If Darcy prove as cruel as Phaon, and I as silly as Sappho, the Falls of the Genesee will do excellently well for my Leucate." Just as she arrived at this conclusion, she heard the gate at the bottom of the "tan" walk open and shut; and looking from the window, saw two ladies approaching the house.

Before they arrived at the door, Mr. Warner had himself opened it to receive them; and having "guessed" that they were very late, he ushered them into the drawing-room.

"Well, Miss Gordon," said he, as he entered, "my ladies are come at last. This is Mrs. Williams, the lady that your papa has brought a letter to; and this is Miss Emily, her daughter; and though she is not quite so

much grown up as you, I hope that will not hinder you from commencing to be very pleasant companions."

Having made this speech, and seen the ladies courtesy graciously to each other, he left them. For some moments they looked rather at a loss how to begin a conversation; but they employed the interval in taking a rapid view of each other's appearance. The elder lady was tall, pale, and grave-looking; the younger, though also tall, seemed almost a child in appearance; but Caroline instantly acknowledged to herself, that her face was the loveliest she had ever looked upon. Her complexion was of that rare tint which, though delicate almost to paleness, has yet an universal bloom upon it. This bloom deepened and settled in her cheeks every time she spoke, or was spoken to; but yet her deepest blush did not exceed the colour of the wild rose. Her large long eyes, of the darkest hazel, seemed darker still from the rich black eye-lashes which shaded them; her hair exactly matched these dark brown eyes; and the form

of her face, the symmetry of her features, the delicate chiselling of her Grecian mouth, altogether presented a study to the eye of Caroline which she felt she should not soon weary of looking at.

At length Miss Gordon, who thought she had waited long enough for the elder lady, broke the awkward silence, by saying, "I am greatly obliged to Mr. Warner for giving me this early opportunity of being introduced to you, Mrs. Williams; I assure you I have felt extremely anxious to make acquaintance with some American ladies."

"It will give us great pleasure, I am sure, ma'am, to be useful to you. Are you long from England?"

"No longer than was necessary to see a few of the beauties of your beautiful New York, and to travel hither."

"Mr. Warner said you thought of settling here. What line of business is your papa?"

"We are not travelling for business, but for pleasure."

"Possible! Have you really crossed the sea only for pleasure?"

"Such, certainly, is our principal object."

"I expect that you find it very dull, living in England."

The good lady said this with that comfortable American smile, which indicates that an advantageous parallel of themselves with something else is passing through the mind. Caroline became puzzled. The fact being so foreign to the inference, that her conscience half smote her as she answered, "It is impossible not to feel a curiosity to see America."

"Indeed, I expect so," answered Mrs. Williams; "but you must not return to the old country without seeing Washington. When you go to Washington, you will see the President's house, which I reckon will strike you considerably. And for the capitol, of course every well raised young lady knows, without going to see it, that it is the finest building in the world."

Miss Gordon now addressed the beautiful

girl, who had not yet spoken. "You, I should suppose, are hardly old enough to have travelled much yet. Have you ever been at Washington?"

"Oh, yes!—I was born there."

"You must not judge us, Miss Gordon, as you see us here," said the mother; "we were of the first standing in Washington; my husband was Secretary of State for several years."

Miss Gordon bowed, and so politely as not to betray the surprise she felt at finding herself conversing with the widow of a secretary of state. The lady was well dressed, and there seemed nothing that deserved the epithet of vulgar in the appearance or manner of either her or her daughter; but yet there existed a something sufficiently unlike the air, look, manner, and tone of persons in a similar station in Europe, to set Caroline's mind to work to define in what it consisted. Had she been obliged to characterise it by one word, she would have used *homeliness*; but this, though

perhaps as nearly approaching a description as any single word could do, would nevertheless have fallen short of it. She felt that it could not be the effect of that republican simplicity so often vaunted; there was a little stiffness, and a little consciousness of being somebody, about Mrs. Williams, quite incompatible with this. But the consciousness seemed an awkward consciousness; and the stiffness was not of that fine old-school fashion which has the grace of Vandyke, if not the ease of Raphael; it was rather, perhaps, that of the artist of the Primrose family, and made one feel more inclined to yawn than to bow before it.

The young girl looked too unaffectedly simple to indicate any claim to rank or station; she was like the pure virgin wax, unmarked either by the grace or deformity of any stamp whatever, and equally capable of receiving any. She had just completed her sixteenth year; and as yet her beauty was like the delicious odour which lies hid in incense,—it wanted warmth to make it exhale its sweetness.

Caroline felt exceedingly disposed to listen to her, but it was difficult to make her converse. At first, she not only blushed, but seemed embarrassed whenever she was addressed; but after being won to utter a few sentences, and becoming, as it should seem, accustomed to the sound of her own sweet voice, she smiled too; and then Caroline felt herself possessed of such a Promethean power, that her imagination suggested the pleasure of a frequent intercourse with one whose affection it would be so easy to gain, and whose talents it would be so delightful to develop. While she was digesting this "sudden thought," and exerting her lively powers to remove the shyness which hung like a veil between her and her newly-elected friend, the gentlemen entered.

The introduction of Mr. Gordon and Mr. Smith to Mrs. Williams followed, and the letter of Captain Birdmore was presented to the lady, which that stiff personage read, in a sort of mutter intended only for herself, by the

aid of the candles now lighted on the chimney-piece. This was done with as little scruple, as to the presence of the party whose merits it discussed, as if it had been an invoice. When she had finished the perusal, and folded up the letter, she turned to the bearer of it, and said in rather a solemn tone, "I shall be very happy, sir, to be of any service in my power to a friend of Captain Birdmore's."

Mr. Gordon thanked her, and said his daughter would be extremely happy to make her acquaintance.

Mr. Brutus Warner, who had been taking advantage of the interval since Miss Gordon had left the dining-room, to change his "rum waistcoat," and to curl his handsome brown hair, now entered the room, with an air of greatly increased consequence. He approached Mrs. Williams, but his eyes were directed to the young ladies; and without waiting to hear if she replied to his "how d' ye do, ma'am?" he turned himself into a chair beside her daughter. It was soon evident, however, that

it was not for her *beaux yeux* that he had prepared himself, for he hardly appeared to see her, being wholly occupied by the idea of the impression he must inevitably be making on the "English gurl."

The good-natured Jerry shook hands with both mother and daughter, and then seated himself as nearly as possible opposite to Miss Gordon, which station he resolutely maintained for the rest of the evening, without for one moment removing his eyes from her. His countenance expressed extreme amusement, a little blended with surprise. Lord Darcy, as usual, seemed hardly conscious of where he was, or by whom surrounded; and the conversational powers of Mr. Warner, Mr. Gordon, and his daughter, were the only sources of the evening's amusement; for the rest of the party hardly uttered a word.

Without the least approach to the polish of an European gentleman, Mr. Warner could not be classed as vulgar; and without any pretension to learning, he might be called well-

informed and agreeable. The secret of this lay in his being perfectly simple and unaffected. His intellect was of that clear and acute character, which enables a man to speak confidently and powerfully on all he knows, and to avoid instinctively what he does not. The innate, unalterable persuasion, that America is the finest country, and its inhabitants the most accomplished people upon earth, which is so intimately a part of every one of its citizens, that when he ceases to feel it, he may be said to cease to be an American, flourished in full vigour within his bosom. With as much science as was necessary for practical usefulness, and unacquainted with no literature which the daily press and the American Quarterly periodicals could teach him; intensely conscious of being a representative of the very greatest nation upon earth, and honestly believing that all things of which Americans are ignorant are not worth knowing; Mr. Warner had, of course, no reason to affect any thing, for he had no ambition or desire to appear, or to be other than what he

honestly believed he really was. Add to which, that his temper being naturally kind, and his spirits cheerful, his fortune increasing, and his expenses moderate; that he had no women-kind to molest him, and only two well-behaved, narrow-chested and broad-shouldered sons to provide for, and it will appear evident that Mr. Warner was qualified to be one of the most agreeable American gentlemen extant.

He began talking to Miss Gordon with that air of good humoured superiority which middle-aged gentlemen generally assume when conversing with young ladies, while she chatted away perfectly unconscious that she was exciting the most profound astonishment in most of her hearers.

"She is handsome enough to be put in a glass case," thought Jerubbaal.

"She picks her words as if she was making a book; and thinks too much of herself, to look at any body," soliloquized his brother.

"How absurd the English are, to learn their

girls to speak like members of congress!" thought Mr. Warner.

"That young miss has more confidence than is good or fitting for a woman," reasoned Mrs. Williams.

"How unlike she is to all the ladies in Rochester," felt her fair daughter.

Mr. Gordon listened delighted to the evidence her good spirits offered of her perfect contentment in her novel situation; while Lord Darcy sighed to think, that but for him she would never have been exposed to the vulgarity of such wondering glances as he saw directed to her.

"And so, young lady, you venture to avow yourself an anti-republican in the house of Washington Warner."

"Why, my dear sir, if you will ask a direct question, I must answer you fairly."

"I promise you, I won't advocate your not doing so, for I allot upon having a deal of amusement in hearkening to your reasons.

And firstly, Miss Gordon, what may you bottom your objections upon?"

"*Firstly*, Mr. Warner, upon the fallacy of the promises you hold out."

"You are a very pretty lady, and I expect you must say what you please; otherwise I should tell you, that you ought to be availed of the truth of what you say, before you undertake to antagonize the most perfect form of government that ever existed."

"Upon my word, Mr. Warner, I think I could mention some little defects which might rest their claim to attention upon a firmer foundation than my beauty."

"Ah, my dear young lady, you deceive yourself altogether. The dreadful prejudices in which all the nations of Europe are raised, learn them to belittle the merits of our glorious country."

"I think you wrong us there, sir," said Mr. Gordon, "for it rather appears to me that many Europeans consider your country as the *beau idéal* of the imagination;—a sort of earthly

paradise, where poverty cannot come, and where care has no right to enter."

"I should admire to meet these superior-minded people, Mr. Gordon. There is nothing more agreeable than talking to foreigners that have no educational prejudice. Indeed, it is pretty perceptible that the Europeans are calculating to commence a change. One and all are beholding us with envy; and I believe the kings are looking with a good deal of anxiety at this spirit of imitation."

"We are farther advanced than you give us credit for," replied Mr. Gordon: "the change you speak of has already been made, but it has not been found to answer; we wish men to be free, as Lord Byron says, as much from mobs as kings; and, therefore, I do not think it likely that we shall repeat the experiment made in France, in 1793."

"But, Mr. Warner," playfully persisted Caroline, "what I quarrel with most, is the fallacy of your nominal institutions. You tell your labouring poor that they are your equals,

when really, except in the permission of being as rude as they like, I do not as yet observe at all more equality of condition between those who labour, and those who do not, than at home."

"Ah, my dear miss! that is because you have not been long enough amongst us to understand the inestimable advantages they enjoy. But come now, confess that your alone reason for disliking our glorious country is, that your aristocratical feelings cannot bear to see all the people chink and happy together."

"Indeed I cannot confess that; for I protest that one of my most particular complaints against you is, that your people never do look gay and happy together; I have never heard a hearty laugh since I entered the country."

"Now that is a curious fine complaint, as ever I heard; and that from an English girl. Why, my dear Miss Caroline, you are come from a country where the cries of famine ring back and forth in your streets, and you are got here, where the people are rolling in plenty,

and now you fault their want of happiness! Pretty as you are, Miss Caroline, I cannot approbate this."

"Well, Mr. Warner, perhaps the labouring people here may look grave from indigestion; but I do assure you, that notwithstanding the famine you talk of, the working classes laugh and sing much more in my country than they do in your's."

"I know that young ladies think they can make black seem white, but I expect you'll find it difficult to make me realize that."

And here Mr. Warner got up, and took a turn across the room with a look of some discomposure.

"Caroline is a spoiled child, Mr. Warner," said her father, "I hope you will forgive her—but she really is very saucy."

"Surely, sir, surely. You know, Mr. Gordon, there is nothing so brief as finding people mistaking a country they do not thoroughly understand. Oh! Miss Caroline, (pausing opposite her chair,) you have got a deal of British

insularity about you. You don't like to jeopardize your gentility by our freedom and equality."

"Do you know, Mr. Warner," replied Caroline, "that I begin to suspect that though we both talk English, there are some few words which have exactly contradictory meanings on the different sides of the Atlantic. Freedom and equality—for instance."

"How so, my pretty lady? how so?"

"May I speak plainly?"

"Surely, surely."

"Then, will you tell me how you manage to reconcile your theory of freedom, with the condition of your negroes? or your treatment of the Indians, with your doctrine of equal rights?"

"I calculate, Miss Caroline, that these subjects are considerable much beyond the scope of the female; so it would be partly unfair to make a requirement of more learning from you, than from an older. Mr. Gordon, sir, what say you to a glass of mint julap?"

Caroline had not the slightest inclination to

prove herself learned beyond the scope of the female, and turned smilingly towards Mrs. Williams to make some playful remark on what had passed; but the expression of that lady's countenance for a moment dismayed Miss Gordon. It spoke a mixture of astonishment and displeasure which she was quite unable to interpret; but being in the habit of turning as quickly as possible from every thing disagreeable, she looked from her to her daughter. If the angry brow of the mother had surprised Caroline, the eager animated look of Emily, which was fixed upon her with the most evident admiration and delight, surprised her almost as much, and certainly pleased her more. Without ceremony, therefore, she left the chair she occupied by Mrs. Williams, and placed herself next Emily. The young lady blushed, first from diffidence, and next from pleasure, as Caroline exerted herself to amuse, and draw her into conversation. It was almost by an involuntary movement that Miss Gordon turned to see if Lord Darcy was looking at the lovely

creature beside her. But no! Lord Darcy's whole attention appeared directed to the fire, on which he gazed sadly and fixedly. Caroline became reassured, and continued her conversation with renewed vivacity.

Mr. Gordon, meanwhile, having declined the offer of julap, had continued to converse with his host in such a manner as entirely to atone for the little *brusquerie* of his daughter, and Mr. Warner long continued, unchecked, to descant on the glories of his country.

At length, however, both father and daughter began to feel that the evening was very long. Caroline's genuine politeness obliged her to attempt something like general conversation; but if she and her father did not talk, the conversation instantly dropped. There were no books or prints—no piano-forte—no cards—no chess. Poor Caroline yawned, felt much ashamed, but yawned again. Had she been alone with her intended friend, she felt certain she should have been very much amused; but she had said all she could find to say to good

Mr. Warner, and what could she do till bed-time!

At length she recollected that it was not yet definitively settled where this bed-time was to find her; and feeling some little dread of having to talk all day long for the amusement of the Mr. Warners, she said, with a look at her father, which he fully understood, "I have not yet thanked you, Mr. Warner, for the kind offer of your house. Papa says he left it for me to answer, and if so, my dear sir, I must in conscience decline it."

"And why so, Miss Caroline?"

"Because I never can believe that you are in the habit of wasting your time as you do now; and if I am staying here, you will, you know, be able to do nothing but talk to me all day."

"What shocking boldness," thought Mrs. Williams.

"How very queer!" mentally exclaimed Mr. Brutus.

"How very funny!" his brother.

"Now there, young lady, you show your

ignorance of the American character altogether," gravely replied Mr. Warner. "You are a very agreeable lady, without doubt, but as to passing my days in talking to you, that is quite out of the question."

Caroline was a little disconcerted by the matter-of-fact tone of this reply; but that, as Mr. Warner would have said, was owing to her ignorance of the American character. She rallied, however, and said seriously, "Indeed, Mr. Warner, I cannot think of giving your people so much trouble."

"Our people, Miss Caroline? What, my boys here? Oh, bless you, I expect they would be proud to wait upon you to see the Museum, and the Bank, and the factories, and count it no trouble at all."

"I mean, sir," persisted the young lady, "that I cannot bear to put your family to so much inconvenience."

"I understand you now, Miss Caroline; Mrs. Williams, have the goodness to walk up stairs with this young woman, and show her that the

best room is fixed ready for her. Come, make haste, for I expect it is mighty near supper-time."

Feeling there was no farther appeal, Miss Gordon only replied, "You are too good, sir," and taking Emily by the arm, followed Mrs. Williams up stairs.

The good lady had taken a candle from the table, but this was hardly sufficient to dispel the darkness of the passage and staircase, where no lamp lent a ray to assist it. The room they entered was over the drawing-room, and had a general air of cold discomfort, that nothing but an American best bed-room could show. The walls were of plaster, and unpapered; there was no fire on the hearth, no curtains drawn over the windows, no candles ready for lighting on the one little table which stood between the windows; the only dressing-glass hung forward from the wall, over this table; and the only carpet was one scanty morsel, placed at the bottom of the bed. The fixing, of which Mr. Warner had spoken, seemed to consist in hang-

ing one narrow little towel across the back of a chair, which stood near a small square washing-stand, in one corner of the room. The bed, however, was prodigiously large, and abundantly curtained, and a handsome chest of drawers, with cut glass handles, testified that it was indeed the "best room."

Caroline asked Mrs. Williams if she might ring for a servant to light a fire for her; for a moment she received no answer—and then Mrs. Williams repeated the word "ring" in an accent of great surprise.

"I shall be very cold without fire, I am afraid. Is there any objection to asking for one?" inquired Miss Gordon.

"I expect, ma'am, that you will seldom find bells in the chambers at Rochester, and I guess both the girls are fixing the supper."

Caroline sighed very despondingly at hearing this reply, and was preparing to leave the room, when she saw the delicate little Emily entering it, with a basket of wood.

"What are you going to do, my dear?" exclaimed she, "surely you do not suppose I shall let you light my fire?"

"And why not?" said Emily, "I should so like to be your help!"

"Dear girl! you shall then be my help," said Caroline, delighted by her kindness; and taking the basket from her, she knelt down before the hearth, to arrange the sticks.

"Let me fix it," said Emily, "I think you do not know how."

"That is very likely, Emily, but you shall be my help, and my instructor too:" and so saying, she watched and assisted the dexterous proceedings of her new friend, till between them they had kindled a bright blaze, which, in some degree dispelled the gloom that brooded over the "best room," when they entered it.

Mrs. Williams then hastened them down stairs, as she heard decided indications of laying supper; and in effect, a moment after they re-entered the drawing-room, a young girl,

with her hair set in sundry high bows, and ringlets, entered, and said, "Supper is ready, Mr. Warner."

The party now returned to the dining-room, where tea, coffee, cold meat, fish, sweetmeats, and cakes were spread.

It is by no means easy to relate exactly how the remainder of the evening passed. Mr. Gordon's servant came for orders, and the light luggage of the party was brought from the hotel: this gave occupation to a few moments; a repetition of thanks and excuses beguiled away a few more. Mr. Warner looked sleepy, and as if he had said all he could think of; Mr. Gordon felt completely knocked up; Caroline suffered from a tormenting head-ache; Mrs. Williams sat waiting to be spoken to; Mr. Brutus began to think of his night-cap; Jerry was longing for a gin julap, which he dared not take till the ladies were gone; and poor Lord Darcy looked as if he thought it was his fault that all the party were tired of each other. The little Emily alone felt happy and

unwearied; and so earnestly was she listening to Miss Gordon, who kindly expressed a hope that they should often meet, that her mother had twice told her to "get the bonnets" before she heard her.

CHAPTER IX.

Let not *her* mode of raising cash seem strange.—BYRON.

THE next morning, at eight o'clock precisely, the same long table, covered with little plates full of unimaginable cakes, sweetmeats, fishes, cutlets, half-cold steaks, whole-cold ham, and eggs, awaited the descent of Miss Gordon.

The gentlemen were all five standing round the fire when she entered, and Mr. Warner, his spirits refreshed by sleep and his morning "bitters," approached her gaily, with the information that they had only waited to have their coffee poured out by her.

Now it happened that Miss Gordon had scarcely ever officiated in this way in her life;

her evening tea and coffee had always been handed to her by a servant; and at breakfast her father, who had made her his companion at that meal since she was three years old, had never resigned his office at the breakfast-table.

When it happens that a father and daughter are as much together as Mr. Gordon and Caroline, it may be remarked, that if the daughter be the child of his old age, or rather, if the difference in age be great between them, then she waits upon him, and pets him, and becomes an active and efficient person in the *ménage*; but if, as in the case before us, the daughter is a woman, while the father is still almost a young man, then it is the daughter who is waited upon, and petted, and under these circumstances is apt to become rather an inefficient personage. This, in fact, was exactly the case with Miss Gordon; and upon this summons to the top of the table, she gave a look of whimsical discomfiture to her father. "I fear, Mr. Warner," he said, "that you will think Miss Gordon a very useless young lady,

when I confess that I doubt if she ever poured out a cup of coffee in her life."

A silent look passed between the three gentlemen of the family; and the little "help," who had just brought in a plate of hot corn-cakes, was fain to put a portion of her apron in her mouth, to prevent her laughing out at the "strange woman what can't so much as pour out a cup of coffee."

Mr. Warner himself took the place he had offered her, saying—"Now, I expect that's what no American girl could say, from Maine to Georgia; but that's a national trait, I calculate. You will find our ladies remarkably advanced, Mr. Gordon; and I expect my pretty friend here, will return to England considerably improved."

The first smile Caroline had ever seen on Lord Darcy's face, passed over it at this instant.

The conversation during breakfast was, if not the same, so nearly similar to that of the preceding evening, that our spoiled beauty began

to sit uneasily in her chair, as each anticipated call upon her powers of repartee was uttered by the well-satisfied member of Congress. Happily, however, the meal did not last long; though, as it occupied twenty minutes, it was at least double its ordinary duration in any American family; which waste of time was not indeed to be avoided, from the "national slowness" of the English at table.

When it was over, Mr. Warner said that he would trust the business of the office for a few hours to his sons, that he might give Mr. Gordon the advantage, as he expressed it, of his company in a walk through the town.

Mr. Gordon courteously replied, that it was an advantage of which both Mr. Smith and himself would be happy to avail themselves; and turning to his daughter, he added, "You must borrow some books, I think, Caroline, to beguile the time till our return."

Mr. Warner desired Jerry would bring all the books and newspapers he could find to Miss Gordon; and taking up his hat, which

lay on a side table, he wished her a good morning, and told her he was very sorry there were no debates in Congress to amuse her. "By the by," he continued, "I think it would be no way out of rule for you to call on Mrs. Williams this morning, and it would be a deal better for you than biding here for your studies."

"Perhaps Miss Williams would do me the favour to call on me this morning; I should be very glad to see her."

"Well, that's very natural, young folks like to be together; but you'll find Mrs. Williams a very fine gentlewoman, and very capable to improve you in many ways. However, we'll call, sir, if you please, as we pass, and ask Emily Williams to step over to keep Miss Caroline company."

The gentlemen then prepared to leave the room, when Miss Gordon, laying her hand on her father's arm, said, "One word, papa, before you go out."

She stepped across the passage with him into

the drawing-room, and having shut the door, their eyes met, and both laughed.

“Do not think me cross, papa—but—”

“I know it, I know it, Caroline; but what are we to do?”

“Only hire the very first house that you find empty.”

“And servants and furniture, Caroline?”

“Oh, we can hire furniture, and Robert can cook; William shall be housemaid, Edward shall wait at table, I will lay the cloth, and you shall be my lady's-maid; only do not let me do Punch to Brutus, Jerubbaal, and Co. longer than is absolutely necessary.”

He promised to do his best, and left her much comforted.

A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Jerry Warner appeared with several newspapers, a volume of the “Eloquence of the United States,” a book of receipts, and two numbers of the American Quarterly.

She amused herself with these for about an hour, when she was very agreeably interrupted

by the entrance of Emily, who accosted her as before, with smiles and blushes, but with much less embarrassment than she had displayed the evening before.

"It was so kind of you to send for me," she said, "I have been thinking of you all night; and when I fell asleep at day-break, I dreamed that I was going to England with you."

"Well, dear Emily, and so you shall if you like it, and if you are not married before I return; but remember, I do not promise to take your husband; Mr. Brutus Warner, for instance, or Mr. Jerry; I cannot undertake to import either of them."

"Do you think, then," said Emily, laughing, "that I am going to be married to one of them?"

"Nay, I don't know."

"You are quite mistaken if you do, Miss Gordon. I assure you I have no beau at all."

"Emily, shall you and I be great friends?"

"Oh, Miss Gordon, I would rather that than any thing else in the world."

"I thought so, Emily, I read it in your eyes, and I agree to it on one condition—namely, that you will give me leave and license to tell you whenever you do not speak English. English English, I mean, and that you will promise to leave off all the words which I object to as quickly as possible."

"I will, I will," cried the delighted girl; "and do you think that you will ever learn me to speak like you?"

"I will teach you, Emily; and it is you must learn. Try to remember that, dear. Do you not see that it is nonsense to talk of my learning, where it is I who am to teach?"

"To be sure I do. How strange it should never have come into my head before."

"It would have been stranger, dear, if it had; we all of us speak as we hear others speak."

"If that is all, then, I shall speak like you, if I listen to no one else?"

"Most assuredly you will," said Caroline, laughing at her earnestness; "but though I will

talk to you as often as you like, it will be rather difficult for you to hear no one else."

"It will not be at all difficult for me to attend to no one else."

"And what makes you so greatly wish to speak like me, Emily? It is very natural that I should wish you to do so, because some of your words and phrases are strange and unpleasant to me; but I should have thought mine might have appeared equally so to you."

"Oh no!"

"Can you explain to me why there is this difference between us, as to our love of novelty?"

"I think I could," said Emily, timidly.

"Do then, I long to hear you."

"Pray, Miss Gordon, did you ever read any book that you very much admired, written exactly in the same words and expressions that you hear us use?"

"I cannot say I ever did," said Caroline, laughing.

"But almost all the books I love, are written

as you and your father speak; and you look exactly like the beings I have read of in them."

"And what books are they, dear?"

"Cecilia, and Belinda, and Tremaine, and Granby, and——."

"Why, what a circulating library catalogue you are, my child. Have you never read any thing but novels?"

"Not much. But there is one book I have read, which mamma does not know of, and I believe my uncle Wilson would think I was undone for ever if he heard of it, but," lowering her voice, "I have read Shakspeare's plays."

"And should you be delighted, Emily, if you heard any one speak like Shakspeare?"

"Yes, indeed I should."

"And should you try to speak like them if you did?"

"Oh no!"

"Why not, Emily?"

"Because my thoughts would not be great enough for such words. I expect it would be like serving up corn cakes in golden dishes."

Caroline looked at her beautiful face, glowing with newly awakened interest, and said, "I expect, Emily, that I should not always so very much dislike talking like you."

"Perhaps not when it shall please you to be playful, and scorn at your poor friend."

"Who is using the golden dishes now, Emily?" said Caroline, holding up her finger, and laughing.

"Oh! that is not fair, Miss Gordon," she replied, blushing violently; "do not fancy that I meant to quote Shakspeare; but it is very difficult to read such a book as that, over and over again, to look at it the last thing at night, and to think of it the first thing in the morning, and not sometimes to let one or two words at a time slip out, as I have found them there."

"And pray, my dear, have you any more poetical idols, before whom you bow down at morning and at eventide?"

"I have but one book in the world that is my own, except my Bible and Prayer-book, and that

is Shakspeare : but my cousin Robert has lent me Byron."

" Oh—h!" said Caroline, laughing again, " cousin Robert is, I suppose, your beau?"

" I don't understand you, Miss Gordon."

" No? why that is very good American, Emily. And Cousin Robert reads Byron to you, does he, my dear?"

" No indeed, ma'am, he does not read to me at all."

" But you do not deny that he is your beau, Emily? lending books looks very like it."

" Indeed, Miss Gordon, if you had as few books to read as I have, you would be glad to borrow them of any body."

" I dare say I should; but I think I should a little like any young gentleman who lent them."

" But I assure you I hate my cousin Robert more than any body else in the world."

" Then I hope, Emily, that your cousin Robert has a good fortune, and is in every way a proper match for you."

" Because I hate him, Miss Gordon?"

"No, only because you say so; when young ladies borrow books of young gentlemen, and then declare they particularly hate them, it is generally understood that if the party be suitable, a marriage will soon take place."

"Ah, Miss Gordon," replied Emily, laughing, "that may be very good English, but I assure you that it is not intelligible American."

"Well, then, we will say no more of the hateful cousin, but tell me what you think of Lord Byron?"

"Of him I never dare to think," replied Emily. "They tell me he was a very wicked man; but he could not have been all wicked, there are thoughts in *Childe Harold*, in the *Melodies*, in the *Giaour*—."

Emily caught the eye of Miss Gordon, so earnestly fixed on her, that she stopped, greatly embarrassed, and immediately got up to finish her visit, saying, with much emotion, "I am afraid you have encouraged me to expose myself; pray forgive me, but it was so new to me to fancy that I might say all I thought."

"Expose yourself, my sweet friend!" said Caroline, embracing her fondly, "how greatly have you mistaken me: you delight and interest me more than I can express, and I do assure you, that young as you are, I look forward to your society as my chief resource during the months my father intends passing here."

Emily blushed again, no longer painfully, but with delight, and timidly returning the flattering caress, she declared herself happier than she had ever been in her life.

The conversation was here interrupted by the return of the gentlemen. They brought no very agreeable tidings as to the result of their search, for the only furnished house they had found to let, was small, dirty, and uncomfortable.

Miss Gordon sighed despondingly, as she listened to this report; but raising her eyes, she encountered a look from Lord Darcy, so expressive of suffering, that her heart repented of the sigh, and she replied, with a cheerful smile, "Well, papa, if it must be so, we cannot help

it. I am sure it will be with great regret that we shall leave friends who have received us so kindly; but if we cannot have a house to hold us, it is inevitable, and we must e'en seek one elsewhere."

Before Mr. Gordon could reply, the shy and quiet Emily, urged by the exigency of the case, which to her seemed to involve something dearer than life, started to the door, and only saying, "Pray decide on nothing till I return," darted out of the room.

"Why what has betaken Emily Williams?" said Mr. Warner; "she is the quietest little soul in the Union, yet now she seems to have taken it into her head that she is to manage all your affairs."

"She is the most delightful little creature I ever met with," said Caroline; "we will at least do as she desires, and wait for her return before we decide upon any thing."

"Well, I expect that will do no harm; she is a reasonable little soul, and I shall allot upon giving her a vote of thanks, if she procures the

annulment of your notion of leaving us, Miss Caroline."

Mr. Gordon expressed much gratitude for his kindness; his daughter smiled, and curtesied her thanks; Lord Darcy looked out of the window; and the party were still standing, not very well knowing what to do next, when Emily, out of breath with haste, and her face radiant with exercise and hope, entered the room, and addressing Miss Gordon, said, "If you will be so kind as to come with me, I can show you a house that is neither small nor dirty, at least I expect not; but do come and look at it, won't you?"

"A thousand thanks to you, my dear, but if I am to go with you, I must ask you to wait for me. There are so many brick and mortar stations to be passed in your streets, that boots are indispensable; but come with me, Emily, and I will be ready directly."

A few moments' walking brought the whole party to a most respectable looking dwelling, which perfectly justified Emily's description.

Mr. Warner looked surprised. "Why, Emily Williams, what put it into your head that Mrs. Oaks would let her house?"

"Because, sir, I heard her tell mamma, last week, that she should think it her duty to let it, if she got a good offer."

"And have you really brought us all here on no better authority than that, child?" said Mr. Warner.

"Oh no, sir," answered Emily, "I have been here already, and she is quite ready."

Thus reassured, Mr. Warner ventured to raise the bright brass knocker, and the party were soon ushered into the neat and newly furnished parlour of Mrs. Oaks. They found the lady nowise surprised by the visit, and with the air of a person prepared for business.

He explained their object in the manner so peculiar to his country, which may be said to hover between rudeness and civility, and Mrs. Oaks replied in the same tone.

"I expect, Mr. Warner, I have no particular objection to let the place, provided the family is

neat and tidy, and undertakes to keep my notions without destruction."

Miss Gordon was too much amused, to be offended, and whimsically threw so much courtesy into her manner of assuring her that she would guard all the elegancies she saw around her with the nicest care, that Mrs. Oaks not only looked disconcerted and puzzled, but also felt considerably at a loss how to set about making her bargain, on the profitable footing she contemplated. But she faltered only for a moment, and then addressed Mr. Gordon, whom she divined to be the party from whom she was to receive payment, with that careful frown upon her brow, which indicates in all countries, that the inward woman is firmly purposed not to abate a cent, a penny, or a sous, of what she is going to ask.

"I calculate, sir, that you comprehend that I cannot leave this house for nothing?"

"Good Heaven, madam! Indeed I feel that the accommodation will be a very great one, and I am perfectly ready to pay for it."

The brow of Mrs. Oaks relaxed a little.

"Well, sir, I guess we sha'n't disagree. Mr. Warner, pray be seated, sir. Take a chair by the fire, miss. Sit down, Emily Williams. The weather is considerable cold to-day. Won't you take your bonnet off, miss?"

Miss Gordon declined this hospitality; but being determined to have the house, she felt impatient to proceed with the negotiation, and asked if she might be permitted to see the apartments.

"Surely, miss, and the gentlemen too. My chambers are always fit to be looked at."

She proceeded to show the party over the house, and after entering two or three neat rooms, Mr. Gordon asked the lady at what price she would be willing to let it for three months.

From the moment Mr. Gordon had so frankly declared himself ready to pay for "accommodation," Mrs. Oaks had been revolving in her mind how much she might dare to ask for it. She would have been glad to have found herself

in the presence only of the elegant Mr. Gordon, his nonchalante daughter, and of that tall, pale being, in whose large dark eyes, even the mercenary mind of Mrs. Oaks could read no thoughts of cents and dollars. But there was something in the composed acuteness of Mr. Warner's physiognomy which she felt must bring down her asking, at least twenty-five per cent. ; it was however impossible to get rid of him ; and so Mrs. Oaks found herself obliged to name a sum about half way between the real value, and the price she would have asked had he not been present. Mr. Gordon's answer was, "The rent is a very reasonable one, madam, and I hope your removal will not cause you any great inconvenience." Mr. Warner's only commentary was a whistle.

It may be supposed that this reply of Mr. Gordon's was calculated to prove satisfactory to the lady, but in truth it was quite the contrary. Her displeasure arose from two different, and rather contradictory sources. The first and most pungent, was produced by the

reflection, that had her neighbour been only where he ought to have been, namely in his office, she might safely have gone to the very utmost extent of her greedy imagining; the other uneasy feeling arose from a sort of misty doubt, as to the reliance to be placed on the credit of a man, so utterly ignorant of business, and so ready with his promises.

These meditations caused a silence of a minute and a half, which was broken by Miss Gordon, who begged to know when it would suit Mrs. Oaks to permit their taking possession.

The abruptness of the question showed, as the lady justly thought, a degree of impatience, which ought in common honesty to be paid for. Again she paused for a moment, and then said, "Indeed, ma'am, this requires some consideration; but if the gentleman will please to call upon me again in the course of the afternoon, we could enter into all particulars; the party," she added, with a sort of crooked smile, "is now altogether too many for business, I expect."

Mr. Warner understood her perfectly; Mr.

Gordon not at all; but he defeated her more effectually than if he had, by saying, that perhaps the best plan would be for his friend, Mr. Warner, to settle the business professionally.

Mrs. Oaks bit her thumb nail, hesitated, and almost gave herself up to a fair bargain; but being a woman, born and bred in Yankee land, her national genius prevailed. She smiled again, but this time it was a very pleasant smile, and turning to Miss Gordon with that air of feminine cabal which most effectually sets men at defiance, she said coaxingly, and confidentially, "After all is said and done, my dear miss, 'tis you and I must settle every thing; so if your pa' thinks fit to agree to terms, I guess the best thing he can do is just to quit, and leave you and I together, and if he will come back in half an hour, I calculate as he will find every thing as well settled as if we had employed a dozen lawyers."

Miss Gordon, who hated nothing so much as procrastination, and who had never in her life permitted an unnecessary minute to intervene

between the formation of a wish and the execution of it, seemed well pleased by the proposal; and having signified as much to her father, another five minutes found her *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Oaks, Emily having taken leave before the survey of the house had begun.

"Sit down, ma'am, sit down," began Mrs. Oaks. "After all, Miss Gordon, there is nothing like leaving women to settle business. When did you say you should like to come in, miss?"

"To-night, ma'am, if possible."

"To-night? Why, sure enough that is short notice. Lord bless me, why how can that be, and I with neither of my daughters to help me pack!"

"If the thing is impossible, madam, it cannot be done; but as it will greatly suit my convenience, I wish it to be so arranged, if possible. The additional trouble occasioned by this haste may be charged for, at any rate you please."

There was much food for meditation in this

speech, and most excellent ground-work for speculation; but poor Mrs. Oaks had not time allowed her for either. It was but a moment that she sat with her eyes wide open, and her mouth but half shut; yet the impatient heiress rose from her chair, and so effectually alarmed the good lady with the fear of her escape, that she made a vigorous effort to subdue all lesser feelings, while she sought to gratify that which was dearest.

She, too, rose from the chair, and fearing to lose the golden moment, said, as promptly as Miss Gordon herself could have desired, "I will be out of the house, bag and baggage, in four hours, if you will make it worth my while."

The queer, comfortless dinner, the long dragging afternoon, the vulgar supper of yesterday evening, with the hurry-skurry breakfast, the odious bitters, and the still more odious *beaux* of the morning, all pressed upon Caroline's mind; and in utter forgetfulness of the caution Lord Darcy had received from the friendly major of the tavern, she eagerly answered, "I

will give you fifty dollars beyond the rent if you will do so."

Mrs. Oaks was indeed a happy woman, and she felt it. Not only were her most sanguine hopes of gain exceeded five-fold, but she had a story to tell, and that of English folks, which would ensure her listeners wherever she chose to visit for a month to come.

One thought alone checked the full current of her satisfaction. This was, the possibility that the English folks might be off their bargain; and with an anxious look she said, "If I agree to this, miss, the money must be paid before I quit."

"The money shall be paid you in a quarter of an hour, ma'am," replied Miss Gordon, looking at her watch, "if you will permit the servants immediately to bring our luggage hither, and engage that I may be put in possession of this room by four o'clock."

"It is a bargain, Miss Gordon; but I ask your pardon, ma'am, I must be stirring."

"I will not detain you. Mr. Warner's

house is, I think, to the right, as I walk up the street."

"Yes, miss, to the right; but the wood, Miss Gordon, that is in the cellar? There is a matter of two cords, or near it, what shall we do about that?"

"My father's servant, ma'am, will settle with you. I will send him here immediately."

The ladies then parted, as ladies often do, each perfectly satisfied with the talent for managing which she had displayed in the interview.

CHAPTER X.

Open your ears, for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks?

SHAKSPEARE.

Mrs. OAKS kept her word, and so did Miss Gordon. The fifty dollars were paid, and our English party were in possession of the house by four o'clock. Such celerity of transition from one house to another would in any other country be considered as extremely inconvenient, if not entirely impossible; but in America nothing is more easy, nothing is more usual. They have a phrase, invented by themselves, which well expresses this peculiarity,—they are essentially a “transient people.”

Caroline's first sensation, on sitting down as

mistress of Mrs. Oaks' parlour, was really delightful. She ordered the sofa, which from its entrance into the mansion had never before quitted the wall, to be drawn to the side of the fire, which blazed brightly with a portion of the "two cords of wood in the cellar." She made Robert place the smallest table he could find in the house beside it; and then inviting her father and Lord Darcy to take seats opposite her, she declared that she once more felt perfectly at home.

"We must have no more sad looks, Mr. Edward Smith. I mean to have a piano, and plenty of books; and a portfolio containing innumerable caricatures, which I shall principally draw myself: and besides all this, I will have Emily Williams; and if you do not look gay, and grow fat, we will shut ourselves up in Mrs. Oaks' best room, which we will have fixed on purpose to keep you out."

"Alas! Miss Gordon—"

"Nobody, Mr. Smith, must presume to address me with a speech beginning with alas!

If you will only do exactly as I bid you, we shall really form a very agreeable coterie ; but if you do not, I shall desire Mr. Brutus Warner and his brother Jerry to call upon you every afternoon at five o'clock, and sit with you till ten precisely."

Her father looked at her with evident delight. "It would have been a pity, dear Caroline, should I have died without finding out what a heroine you are ; and this would probably have happened if we had never crossed the Atlantic."

"It is but a sorry scene of action for her," said Lord Darcy ; "but you have both given me a lesson that I will profit by, cost me what it may ; only, remember that if I succeed in teaching my thoughts to know their dungeon,—if henceforth I let them only 'droop within their secret cell,'—you must not believe that I am fallen so low as to forget what I am, and what I have been."

So saying, Lord Darcy left the room, and Caroline's high spirits seemed to go with him,

for tears were in her eyes as she turned to her father, and said, "What can we do to comfort him?"

"Exactly what you have just done, my sweet Caroline. Let him see that we can be happy if he does not prevent it, and he will assume a cheerfulness if he has it not. Then time, the best and gentlest of opiates, will lull his spirits into real tranquillity. As his mind strengthens, he will distinguish more clearly than he does at present the nature of the act he has committed. It is such as must tinge his whole life with remorse, but not such as in any way to justify the self-aborrence he now feels."

"Assuredly not; I have often thought I would reason with him upon it; but I think he would listen more to you than to me."

"Do you think, Caroline, that you can bear this place, and these people, for a few months?"

"I am sure that I can not only bear it, but enjoy it, papa. The people are inexpressibly amusing; but (observing her father look grave)

I promise not to quiz them, except just to you. On the contrary, I will confer an inestimable blessing on the Rochester community, by adopting little Emily Williams as my particular friend, developing all her talents, and teaching her to speak English; and then, you know, when we depart, we shall leave them a glass by which to dress themselves."

"Are you very sure, Caroline," said her father, laughing, "that they would approve a model formed after you?"

"Well, then, if I succeed with my *élève*, and if they do not all fall down and worship her, I will pack her up and carry her—"

"Pray, sir," said Robert, entering rather abruptly for so thorough-bred a domestic, "pray, sir, what am I to do for silver? I have not even spoons to bring in with Miss Gordon's coffee."

"If that is your greatest difficulty, Robert, I think you must have managed wonderfully well. Have you got any women in the house yet?"

"Yes, sir, I have got a cook and a housemaid away from the hotel. It is not thought unhandsome at all here to leave a place at half an hour's notice. By what I can hear, you may have every servant in the town by to-morrow morning, if you will call them helps, and double their wages."

"Well, Robert, you may certainly call them what you like, and for the present pay them what you like. You understand the nature of the accident which has brought us here, and that if you can contrive to make us tolerably comfortable, the expense will not much signify."

"I understand it all, sir, and I will certainly do my very best. But it is a strange country; there are many things which Miss Gordon will want, which cannot be had for money."

"Then Miss Gordon will do without them, Robert," said the young lady; "but I certainly shall be very glad to have my coffee."

"The coffee will be ready in five minutes, ma'am; but what am I to do for spoons?"

"Never mind the spoons; I will stir it with my pencil-case. Don't you think, papa, that Rochester, this glory under heaven, has a silversmith?"

"Fear not for spoons, or for coffee-pots either, Caroline; I saw a very handsome *depôt* of all such things not three hundred yards off. If Robert can but submit this once to the want of them, I will take my coffee, and set off in search of sundry things which I know we shall want. I feel my faculties sharpened already, by the unusual need of them, and I am inclined to be of Mr. Warner's opinion, that we shall improve greatly before we leave the land."

The coffee entered, and Lord Darcy followed.

The punctilious Robert, who seemed determined to show that the power entrusted to him was well placed, himself handed the coffee-cup, while William followed with the coffee-pot, but it was not without a sigh that he poured the fragrant liquid (on the composition of which he particularly prided himself,) from a great black tin pot. That such a machine should appear

before the eyes of Miss Gordon was dreadful; but what could he do? Mr. Gordon smiled at the air with which he handled the unsightly machine.

“Never mind, Robert, we will manage better to-morrow. Edward, this coffee is delightful.”

Caroline almost started at the altered tone in which Lord Darcy answered. She looked at him, and he was no longer the same being; Mr. Gordon, too, looked at him, and remembering the words he had uttered as he quitted the room, he felt his respect, as well as his affection, increased by the strong effort he was evidently making for their sakes.

“My beloved Edward,” he said, in a low voice, “you now repay me a hundred-fold what I have done for you. I served you, by yielding to my feelings; you serve me, by combating with your’s.”

Caroline’s bright smile said more than any words could have done; and despite the tin coffee-pot, black waiter, and no spoons, nay, despite the heavy cloud that rested upon them,

it would have been difficult to have found three people sipping coffee with more enjoyment.

"And now, Caroline, we must leave you; Edward and I must go shopping. What will you do with yourself till we return?"

"Can't you send Emily Williams to me?"

"I am afraid it will be rather strange to do so twice in one day, and that too before much acquaintance has been made with the mother; what think you?"

"That what you say is very true, and very disagreeable. Do not stay long; I will lie down on the sofa, I think, and try to sleep till you come back again."

In less than a quarter of an hour a large parcel of books was brought to the house, which if not so fresh from the mint of the human brain as would have been furnished by a similar attention in London, were perhaps not the less valuable.

While still looking at her treasure, which without reading, she felt had already cured her *ennui*, as laudanum placed beside a patient, will

make him sleep, by removing his fear of lying awake, she was again agreeably surprised by the entrance of Emily.

“Did my father call on you, my dear?”

“No, but I saw him go by, and I thought I might be useful to you. Mamma said that she would call; but I thought perhaps she might prevent your settling your things, so I begged her to let me come first.”

“How very kind of you; and will your mamma come presently?”

“Not till to-morrow, I believe, for she is gone to call at Mrs. Bevan’s boarding-house, and she always makes a long visit there.”

“I am delighted to see you, Emily, I have just been wishing for you.”

“Have you really? how glad I am.”

As Emily spoke her eyes fell on the volumes which covered the table, and she coloured with the delight of a child who sees a profusion of unknown toys before him.

“Miss Gordon, are these your books?”

“Yes, Emily, my books, and your books. I

intend to be exceedingly happy here; we will read together, and talk together, and sing—pray, Emily, do you sing?"

* * * * *

While the happy Emily was thus occupied with her elegant new friend, Mrs. Williams proceeded to the house of Mrs. Bevan, where she hoped to hear from Mrs. Oaks, who she knew was gone to take "a spell of boarding" there, some farther particulars about the strange English folks who had become her tenants. Her old friend Captain Birdmore's letter was, she thought, sufficient to satisfy her discretion, but by no means her curiosity; and in the hope of relieving this epidemic of a country town, she entered the sitting-room, where she found Mrs. Oaks engaged exactly as she hoped and expected. A circle of six ladies surrounded the fire: three of them were in the act of speaking, but the voice of Mrs. Oaks prevailed, and it was evident that the attention of the listeners was principally directed to her. "Here is Mrs. Williams herself, I declare," joy-

fully exclaimed Mrs. Bevan, whose voice had been second in the trio; "you will find I was right, ladies, I expect; Mrs. Williams can tell us more than any body."

As the six ladies here assembled will make themselves of some importance in my story, a slight description of them may be desirable.

Mrs. Bevan, the mistress of the house, was the widow of a lawyer, and had lived during her husband's life-time with considerable expense, but always with the fear of poverty before her eyes. Mr. Bevan had made money fast, but he had spent it faster, and his notable, economical wife had passed her best days in vain efforts to check the expense which she never enjoyed. At length her eternal prophecy was fulfilled; her husband died, and she was left pennyless. A brother, and a son-in-law had, between them, set her up in a boarding-house, where, warned by past events, she led an anxious life in a ceaseless struggle to make money by a close thriftiness on one hand, and a nervous fear of displeasing her boarders on the other. Whenever her

breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, fell somewhat short of the frugal point she had fixed for them, her obligingness increased in exact proportion; but when the market had proved a cheap one, and low prices had tempted her to purchase an extra dainty, she took the opportunity of indulging in a few of those little asperities which accumulate very painfully, if always refused relief. But in general she was a kind-hearted woman, though a little given to gossip; a constant church goer, and altogether a person of very good standing.

Mrs. Cornish, the richest and finest of her boarders, and the person who was invariably treated with the greatest distinction, was also a widow. Her husband had been a merchant at New York, and the income of one thousand dollars, with the reminiscences of the gaiety and fashion enjoyed in that celebrated metropolis, sufficed to make both Mrs. Cornish and her daughter persons of very considerable consequence among the *haut-ton* of Rochester. Her knowledge of fashion was not confined to the

toilet, but extended to every particular of elegant life. She had a great contempt for the English, considering them as very obsolete and ungenteel, but "dear Paris" was the unknown idol she affected to worship. Her daughter, Miss Maria, was pretty, silly, American, seventeen.

Miss Duncomb belonged to a class less common in America than in England,—Miss Duncomb was an old maid. "Her favourite study was the evangelical," but somehow or other, her commentary on the beautiful text she professed to understand so well, was not such as to do much service to her generation.

Last in the list, but by no means of least importance in the circle, was Madame de Clairville, a French woman, who, though forty, was still handsome; and though poor, was still elegant. As her history is very similar to what has occurred to more than one foreigner in America, a slight sketch of it must be given, though at the risk of keeping Mrs. Williams standing some time longer.

Madame de Clairville too, was a widow : her husband, a man of education and good connections, had been beguiled to leave Paris, his profession of the law, and every thing else which made life valuable to him, for the purpose of following the fortunes of a crazy speculator, who in some most unaccountable manner found means to persuade him that he would find in the wilderness every thing he left in Paris, and a great deal beside.

The doctrine he taught was, that the moment approached when man would shake off for ever the degrading trammels of a rusty superstition ; in a word, the unfortunate M. de Clairville was induced to join the celebrated Mr. Wimble's settlement on the banks of the Red River. If he had done so alone, the thing would have been sad, but by no means so sad as it really proved. His pretty, gay, happy little wife went with him.

Some people, had they seen her in society, in all the gay flutter of animal spirits, might have thought her coquetish ; but never did any

woman give a stronger proof of attachment than she did, when she left all she loved to follow him. She had one darling child, a girl of twelve years old, on whom she doated with all a mother's fondness, and a woman's pride. But the pretty Adelaide was to be the heiress of her grandmother, so Madame de Clairville left her at Paris, and alone followed her husband to the banks of the Red River.

They spent much money in a costly, but unprofitable outfit, and much more after arriving at New York, in procuring all the commodities with which Mr. Wimble recommended them to adorn the wilderness.

On arriving at Perfect Bliss, the name Mr. Wimble had given to his settlement, it was signified to M. de Clairville that he was to hew down a tree, cut it into rails, and fix it as a zig-zag, or serpentine fence.

The poor Frenchman, whose visions had been of scientific lectures, amateur concerts, private theatricals, and universal philanthropy, was startled; but he bore it well. He did cut

down the tree, and though he cut off half a toe in the course of the operation, he bled as patiently as Socrates, and sang *Ca ira*, as he finished the zig-zig. But when he found that his delicate wife was expected to milk cows every morning, standing ankle deep in water, and moreover to assist in washing linen; when he learned that all the little comforts which he had spent his last thousand francs to purchase at New York, were seized upon, as general stock, and a scanty pittance of necessities doled out to them at each meal; his gay heart sunk within him, and he would have gladly surrendered half his destined term of life, to have passed the other half among the *gens d'arme* and *mouchards* of Paris. But he was totally without funds to carry them across the immense distance which divided him from his country, now loved in vain; he had irreconcilably offended his wife's mother, the only wealthy relative they had, by taking her daughter from France, and seeing no chance of escaping from Perfect Bliss, he fell into a deep decline, and died before the end of the year.

It is impossible to conceive a situation more desolate than that of Madame de Clairville. On one pretence or another, every dollar they had brought with them had been borrowed, or vested, or subscribed, or begged away; and she literally had not wherewithal to pay the inland postage of a letter to her mother. In this extremity of distress, she recollected a gentleman at New York, who, during the month she had passed there, had shown her much good-natured attention. To this gentleman, though merely an acquaintance, she wrote, enclosing a letter to her mother, and entreating him to pay the postage of it to Paris. To this letter she never received an answer, but the one she enclosed was forwarded; and after five months of sickening hopes and fears, an answer arrived, post paid, but without an envelope. This letter contained an order for two hundred dollars, and a promise that an equal sum should be remitted half yearly; but this was accompanied with a stern intimation from her mother, that if she presented herself in Paris after making herself

the subject *d'un roman si ridicule*, she would not afford her any assistance or countenance whatever; nor was this denunciation softened by one word of greeting from her darling child. Perhaps the composure with which the little French woman bore this, might have been taken by some for want of feeling; but it was not so. She was now, for the first time in her life, called upon to act, and she felt, notwithstanding her tender sorrow for her husband, that she might be able to manage for herself, better than he had done for her. There was still an active principle of hope alive within her; she determined to return to her country and her child, and felt but little alarmed, and not at all discouraged, by the difficulties in her way. The first and greatest of these was to make her way from Perfect Bliss, without letting it be known that she had in her possession, what might be turned into dollars; for by that time she had learnt to comprehend thoroughly the theory and the practice of a community founded on the principles of general equality, and universal benevolence. On the

character of her New York friend, she reasoned with all the caution of poverty, and all the finesse of a French woman. He had forwarded her letter, and the answer to it, though the doing so must have cost him sundry cents; but he had not written to her, because that would have cost more; *ergo*, he was a man of business, and careful of his money, but nevertheless was, to a certain degree, benevolent and friendly. To him therefore she again addressed herself, inclosing the half of her letter of credit, which was drawn on a house at New York, requesting him to open a running account with her for postage, commission, &c., and desiring, by return of post, an acknowledgment of the receipt (post paid, or it could never reach her), on the arrival of which she promised to forward the other half, and would request in return a remittance of fifty dollars.

Her correspondent was faithful and punctual. He thanked her in the usual form for her business, and from that hour she had no farther trouble as to receiving her little revenue. It is

not necessary to follow her in her route up the Mississippi, and the Ohio, across Lake Erie, and so on, it is enough to say, that she arrived safely at Rochester, and remembering the prices of New York, she determined to rest there, till she had amassed enough, by savings from her little income, to carry her again to Paris. Once there, and within reach of her Adelaide, she felt sure that whether as her mother's heiress, or as a *femme de chambre*, she should be happy. With this dear hope to sustain her, which seemed like a bright star hanging for ever before her eyes, and pointing the way she was to go, she had lived not only patiently, but cheerfully, weekly adding from her pittance something to swell the sail that was to waft her home.

But we have left Mrs. Williams standing much too long, and must hasten to seat her among the party we have described. No sooner had she taken the place offered her near the fire, than her purpose of interrogating Mrs. Oaks was forestalled, by that lady's beginning the same ceremony with her.

“My! I am so glad you have called! do tell us all you know about these unaccountable people. How d’ye spell their name, Mrs. Williams? Is it Gurden or Gordan?”

“Indeed, Mrs. Oaks, I am no way capable to certify; but I did not come this afternoon so much to see Mrs. Bevan and the ladies, as to make an inquiry, as I ought, into this matter. The young miss, who I am free to say, is no way what I think correct, has turned my Emily’s head, and she is not easy a moment away from her; she has been twice with her to-day, and when she came home, just for her dinner, she hardly spoke a word, but every now and then began smiling to herself, for all the world like a natural fool, and when I asked her what she was laughing at, she only smiled the more, and said, I was thinking of Miss Gordon, mamma.”

“As for the miss, I am altogether of your opinion, ma’am. I don’t approve her manners in any way; she has a style of coming over one that is quite unbearable. I have more than

once repented already, I promise you, letting such queer folks into my elegant house; but the truth was, I had been long thinking how well I should like a spell of boarding with these ladies here, and that led me into it. But who shall say that I shall ever get paid?"

"It is more than likely that you 'never will,'" observed Mrs. Cornish; "the English that come to this country are a most dreadful set indeed. I have very little opinion of the country in general, I confess—their lords, indeed, may be a superior sort of people, but for all the rest, they are sad trash."

"*Ah, mon Dieu! ils sont de l'Europe?* They come from *l'Europe*, Madame Oaks?"

"Yes, ma'am, they are Europeans, the worse luck mine for getting them for tenants."

"Do you know, Mrs. Williams, what persuasion they are of?" solemnly inquired Miss Duncomb.

"No, really, Miss Duncomb, all I know of them you shall know, for here's the letter I got from Captain Birdmore."

"What! the introduction?" said four ladies at once.

"Yes, indeed, just that. It begins, 'Dear Mrs. Williams.'"

"Does it indeed? you know him very well then?" remarked Miss Duncomb.

"I expect so, Miss Duncomb," replied Mrs. Williams with dignity, "he was a particular friend of Colonel Williams, when he was Secretary of State."

Miss Duncomb bowed her head to express that she was satisfied, and Mrs. Williams proceeded.

"DEAR MRS. WILLIAMS,

"I have the pleasure of introducing to you an old and valuable friend of mine, Mr. Gordon, who is travelling with his daughter, and a young gentleman under his care."

"A young gentleman!" murmured Miss Maria Cornish into the ear of her mamma.

Mrs. Williams continued:—

"They mean to see Trenton, and Niagara,

and other of the wonders of our country, in the spring, but they intend passing the winter at Rochester, and I shall be obliged to you, if you will show them all the civility in your power. I think my little friend, Emily, must be almost big enough to be a companion to Miss Gordon, who is a very accomplished young lady.

“ ‘ Believe me to be,

“ ‘ Dear Mrs. Williams,

“ ‘ Your friend and servant,

“ ‘ JOHN ADAMS BIRDMORE.’

“ ‘ P.S. I have sent by the Erie canal, a tea-service of English china, which I hope will be acceptable.’ ”

“ Let me see the name, Mrs. Williams, let me see how it is spelt,” cried Miss Duncomb, Mrs. Bevan, and Mrs. Oaks;—G,o,r,d,o,n.

“ Well now, that’s a very odd way of spelling Gurden,” said Mrs. Bevan.

“ That looks just like a made up name,” said Miss Duncomb.

“ The English names are always harsh sound-

ing and vulgar," observed Mrs. Cornish, "so unlike the French!"

"Well, ladies, you see," resumed Mrs. Williams, "that Captain Birdmore is not only an old friend, but a kind one; and that I must be civil to these folks, let them be what they may; but I should certainly like to know something about them, I do own that; and I guessed, Mrs. Oaks, you would never have rented your beautiful neat place, without knowing something about the people you rented it to."

"Why, how the Lord was I to know any more about them than you?" retorted Mrs. Oaks, rather nettled.

"Why, from Mr. Warner, to be sure, did not he bring them?"

"Yes, no doubt, and without that I should have been long enough without letting them in. If the rent is one day behind, I shall go to him, he may trust to that."

"I must say, Mrs. Oaks," observed Mrs. Bevan, with all the courteousness of manner due to a new boarder, "that I think you have been

most remarkable liberal to let them in without paying in advance; I, in my line, have found it altogether impossible to go on without it; not that I mind it with people I know, that is quite another thing; but for strangers, it is entirely necessary."

Mrs. Oaks, colouring with eagerness, replied,

"It is not too late now, Mrs. Bevan; I'll just go over to Mr. Warner, and desire him to commence the proposition for me. I cannot realize it to myself how I could be so short-witted and imprudent. But my temper is too liberal and confiding; I know that."

Miss Duncomb now drew up "in act to speak," and as she was often chosen to pronounce the prayer at the class meetings, her words placed themselves in very solemn array.

"It is not my purpose, ladies, to alarm you, and before addressing you, I have waited to hear you state what your connexion with these awful people might be; but it is now a duty incumbent on me as a Christian, and a member of the same congregation as you, Mrs. Williams,

to mention what has come to my knowledge, and I speak in the spirit of holy charity. It is with grief I tell you, that the not getting your rent paid, Mrs. Oaks, is by no means the worst thing you have to fear."

Here Miss Duncomb paused, and the effect of this prefatory harangue was great.

Mrs. Cornish let the purse she was netting fall from her hands; Miss Maria opened her mouth, and shut her novel; Mrs. Oaks started from her seat in the intensity of her anxiety; Mrs. Bevan's whole soul seemed to settle in her ears; Mrs. Williams actually turned pale; and Madame de Clairville arched her eyebrows, hung her head on one side, and looked as if she intended to listen, which she very seldom did, and to understand, if she could, what was to follow.

Miss Duncomb went on.

"This morning my clothes came home from the wash; and though my washer-woman is a negur, I know too well the humility which the Lord looks for from his own people, not to talk to her as if she were white. She is a pious

christian, though she is black, and her words are not to be doubted. She told me that she went last night to the factory to buy some soap, and there she saw that Christian man Simon Hicks, who is one of the partners; he was telling something so earnestly to two or three gentlemen in the store, that she stopped to listen, before she did her errand, and she heard him say, that if ever there was a run-away chap in America, there was one now in Rochester. She then related the manner of his meeting these people, and how he had found them out; he did not know their name, which he said they concealed most carefully; the people that was with them always calling the man sir, and master; and that," continued Miss Duncomb casting down her eyes, "is not the worst either, for Simon Hicks stated, that there was a creature with him, that called him father, but that it was perfectly clear to see that she was something else."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, "and my Emily is there now. How could

Captain Birdmore let himself be cheated this way? But I must run this instant, and take my child away. Oh, what horrid wickedness there is in the world!"

She was hurrying away, when Miss Duncomb stretched out her long arm to stop her; and making it evident that she had not yet finished her story, the chorus of "Mys!" and "Ohs!" and "Possibles!" was stopped.

"Judy says, that the gentlemen asked Simon Hicks how he came to find him out; and then he told them such a history of the manner in which he had thrown about his money, as seemed to convince them all. Mr. Cartwright was there, who is certainly the smartest lawyer in town, and he said he had no doubt the Bank of England had been robbed; that the wretched condition of the country made it very likely; and that it would be necessary to be very careful as to how the matter was treated, and that they were not lost sight of; for any carelessness in the business might involve the country in a war with England."

Mrs. Oaks coloured to the ears. She thought of the fifty dollars that she had in her pocket, and felt as certain of the fact as if she had already seen one or two of the party hanged. Mrs. Williams resumed her intention of going, but paused to say, that as to making a war with England, there was no reason *that* should make any difference in their behaviour.

“Colonel Williams, when he was Secretary of State, always said, that we were a great deal too much afraid of going to war with England, and that the best thing for the Union would be, to go to war, and beat them to powder, and then make England our Botany Bay, which would save a deal of money, by putting down the penitentiaries and state prisons;—but I must go and look after Emily. What will my brother Wilson say!”

After her exit, the rest of the party, with the exception of the little French woman, crowded closer round the orator, who, perfectly in her element, went on for a considerable time

detailing further particulars from the narration of Judy, and farther commentaries from herself, in that spirit of peculiar malevolence which she denominated Christian charity.

CHAPTER XI.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

POPE.

MRS. WILLIAMS'S intention on quitting the party was to call at Mr. Gordon's for her daughter; but feeling her courage fail as she approached the door, she determined not to expose herself to the lofty airs of Miss Gordon, and bustled away home, in order to dispatch her help with a positive command, which she delivered punctually to Robert, that "Emily Williams must quit, and come home that moment."

No young ladies could have passed their time

more agreeably than Miss Gordon and Emily during the hour they had been together.

After having opened and examined the tempting volumes spread before her, and receiving a promise that she might have all, or any of them, as often as she wished, Emily remembered the errand which had brought her there, and asked Caroline if she could not be useful to her in unpacking her trunks.

"That you may, indeed, my child," replied the young lady; "for most surely I do not well know how to set about it myself."

They accordingly mounted together to the room selected for Miss Gordon, which by the careful attention of her major domo, Robert, was looking comfortable by the help of a good fire; and here the needful and ever-interesting business of opening, unpacking, examining, arranging, and admiring the young lady's wardrobe, took place.

Every thing that it was thought likely Miss Gordon could want, or wish for, had been collected with most lavish liberality at New York;

and as not even Paris itself can offer more tempting supplies of all such articles, it is not wonderful that the young Emily was lost in admiration at the splendid display before her. Caroline was exceedingly amused at the pretty, half-childish, half-reasoning way with which, as she laid aside the costly assortment of embroidered collars, ruffs, robes, and handkerchiefs, she shook her head, and with the air of a monitress, said, "I am afraid you are very extravagant."

"No, indeed I am not," replied the good-natured heiress; "and I must not have you think so, for you will esteem me the less if you do. Remember I am my father's only child, and that his principal amusement is petting and dressing me. But nevertheless, he is a good and a wise man, Emily, and will never spend more than he thinks he ought to do."

"Oh, forgive me, dear Miss Gordon, I see I have been very impertinent."

"There is but one thing, Emily, that I think I could not forgive you; and that would be the

hiding from me any thought that happened to come into your head while we are together."

Delighted by her kindness, the active and handy little girl set every thing in the nicest order in Mrs. Oaks' "best room drawers;" and was just completing, much to her satisfaction, an arrangement for the accommodation of many important articles on the shelves of a closet, when the mandate was delivered at the door of the chamber, though rather in more polished terms than it was given, that "Miss Williams was wanted at home."

While Emily had been employed in arranging cloaks and shawls, Miss Gordon had made a selection of pretty things which she meant to give her; and having placed them in a little French box, which had elicited an exclamation of "how beautiful!" she presented it to her, saying, "Take this, my sweet Emily, not to pay you for all your kind services, they were done for love, and can only be paid by love; but take it to remind you of me when I am far away."

An affectionate kiss accompanied the offering, which was received with a tearful eye by the young Emily. She took it, but in doing so looked painfully embarrassed; she feared it would be doing wrong to accept it, but she felt it would be acting unkindly to refuse.

She held it a moment without speaking, with her full large eyes fixed on Miss Gordon's face, and then bending forward, and returning the caress, she said, "Never offer me any thing I ought not to take; and never desire me to do any thing that ought not to be done, for I shall never be able to refuse." So saying, she departed, leaving Miss Gordon more than ever delighted with her.

When Emily returned home, she found her mother in a state of great agitation, and worse still, she found her uncle Wilson, the Presbyterian minister, with her.

"Soh! Emily Williams, this is what your independent notions have brought you to! A pretty business you have made of it; your poor dear father was Secretary of State, and it was

often his duty to hear of such vile people as these, and to look after them too; but he never guessed that a daughter of his would make a friend of a girl no better than she should be, and a man who had robbed the Bank."

Emily became very pale; "Mamma!" was all she could utter, and that scarce audibly. In one moment the brightest hope that had ever shone upon her seemed quenched for ever. Nor was it only a sense of disappointment that shot through her bosom; she thought her affections played upon; and she scorned her own facility and simple confidence.

While these bitter feelings assailed her, she stood with the box in her hand, hardly conscious where she was. But another moment brought Caroline Gordon's image before her, with all its grace, intelligence, and gentle kindness. "Could she be worthless and degraded?" Nor was Miss Gordon's the only figure that pressed upon her memory; the dignified and elegant Mr. Gordon, to whom she had felt it a privilege to listen, and an honour to approach,

could this man be a robber? And that other, whose glance she had never met, and on whom she had scarcely dared to look, so sacred to her seemed the melancholy that enveloped him, what then was he? was he the associate of vice and infamy? could this strange tale be true?

Her mother had reported it, and her uncle, whom she daily heard called the holiest of men, was even then, while doubt was rising in her mind, declaiming on the dreadful snare the enemy of man had spread for her. Such a confusion of ideas assailed her, that she felt perfectly overpowered; she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, quite unconscious that her mother had taken the box out of her hand, and was curiously examining its elegant contents. It was even some minutes before she caught the meaning of the words which followed.

“Mercy on me, child, where did you get all this? Brother Wilson, look here, for goodness sake! Here’s six handkerchiefs, the worst of them worth five dollars! and these collars!

twenty dollars would not pay for either of them ! The Lord be good unto me ! we shall have the officers from New York after us, for receiving stolen goods ! and I the widow of a Secretary of State ! What will the king of England say to it ? The whole Union will be disgraced by such a discovery."

Mr. Wilson, who though not a milliner, had rather a singularly acute perception of the value of costly articles, of whatever nature, took a more soothing tone than before. He told the Secretary of State's widow not to frighten herself, that he would protect her against the indignation of the king of England, and against any visits from the police.

"How do you come to have these things, Emily?" said her uncle, coaxingly taking her hand, "did the young lady give them to you?" Emily uncovered her face, and not only looked into his eyes as if she would read his soul, but she did read it.

This moment was a most important epoch in her life. She was still almost a child in age,

and in innocence of heart and mind, so truly unspotted, that it might well be said, "of such are the kingdom of heaven."

Of this perhaps her uncle might be aware, for who could live in daily intercourse with Emily, and doubt her goodness? But she had that within her which he dreamed not of. She had principles and feelings of whose strength she was even herself unconscious. Her love of right, and her loathing of hypocrisy, were such as must one day make her character as powerful, as her temper was gentle.

She rose from her chair, and quietly collecting the articles which had been taken from the box, replaced them in it, saying to her mother, "Miss Gordon gave me these things, mamma; but I certainly shall not keep them if you disapprove it. Who is it that has told you these strange stories, mamma?"

"It is no matter at all who told them, Emily Williams, if they are true. But what ought we to do, brother Wilson?"

"Charity, my dear sister, charity must be

the guide of all our actions. Let me look at that box, Emily: it is really curious, and evidently comes from abroad. I will carry it for your cousins to look at; I take every innocent opportunity of enlightening their understandings, even to the things of this world."

And he stretched out his hand for the box. But Emily was no longer the little Emily who always said, "if you please, uncle," to all his commands, requests, or requisitions; she drew back the tempting box, and said, "As I do not consider it my own, I have no right to lend it to my cousins. I will place it in safety, till the characters of Mr. Gordon and his family are better known."

Whoever has watched with attention the development of female character, from childhood to maturity, will have observed that the affections are the agents by which it is formed, and set in action. Sometimes it is love, sometimes it is friendship, that marks the transition from child to woman; but it is always the heart which announces the change.

Mr. Wilson, as he watched her leave the room, without any reference to her mother, was conscious of an alteration in her manner, but he neither understood the extent, nor the cause of it.

When Emily returned to the parlour, she found them discussing the evident wealth of "those English," and the probable source of it. Mr. Wilson said, "that in any case he should think it a duty incumbent upon him as a Christian minister, to call upon them; and it should be his care, as well for their temporal and eternal welfare, as for that of his flock, to discover the truth of the reports circulated. There was no gospel," he said, "to thrust a rich man from the society of the righteous, solely because he was rich; but on the contrary, it was the bounden duty of those who kept the keys of mercy, to strive to snatch a brand from the burning." And he concluded by asking Mrs. Williams, "if she would introduce him at Mr. Gordon's on the following morning?"

Mrs. Williams was not in the habit of refus-

ing any thing brother Wilson asked, such indeed was his influence that very few of his "congregation" did; but on this occasion the feelings of a Secretary of State's widow were uppermost, and she ventured in a mild, but admonitory tone to say—

"The Bank of England! and the girl so doubtful, brother!"

At this moment Mrs. Williams's help entered with the information that there was a hamper come from the canal-boat, that a man waited to be paid for it, and that "it was fixed in the kitchen."

"O my!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, "it is the present of china Captain Birdmore told of in his letter; the letter of introduction these very people brought! Brother Wilson, I will call with you to-morrow certainly; and the Lord grant it may prove no detriment to any of us."

CHAPTER XII.

Oh wonderful new world! that has such people in it.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE day after all these sinister whisperings had taken place, the unconscious objects of them were preparing still more materials for suspicion to work upon. Notwithstanding the warning which had reached them through Lord Darcy, on the expediency of contracting their liberality within the national measure of thrifty economy, it never occurred to Mr. Gordon that it was necessary, in order to escape slander, that they should content themselves with less comfort than their untoward position still left within their reach.

Even in Rochester, money can procure much, though not quite all our travellers had left behind them; and so actively did Mr. Gordon, and his able purveyor Robert, exert themselves, that before the arrival of Mrs. Williams and her reverend brother-in-law, the little drawing-room had perfectly changed its aspect. A piano-forte, drawing-box and portfolio, writing table and book-case, were already there; and when the lady and gentleman entered, they found Miss Gordon seated in front of her new *chiffonnière*, issuing orders to her father and Lord Darcy, as to the position of the volumes they were arranging in it. Caroline rose from her chair, Lord Darcy from his knees before the shelves, and Mr. Gordon put down a volume from each hand to receive them.

Neither the remembrance of the beautiful English china, nor even the mild precepts by which Mr. Wilson had proved to her that it was a sin for Christians to turn the back on the unfortunate rich, who were doomed to struggle with greater difficulties than would befall a camel

in its passage through a needle's eye ; nor yet the very clear recollection which rested on her fancy, of French cambric, lace, and satin-stitch ; not all these united, could prevent Mrs. Williams from looking awfully solemn as she entered.

It was impossible in a room of which Miss Gordon was the mistress, for any one long to retain an embarrassing position ; the visitors were therefore soon seated, though the manner in which they had both planted themselves stock still, at the distance of six feet from the door, would have paralyzed the efforts of any one whose manners were less assured and easy.

"My brother-in-law, the Reverend Mr. Wilson, come to call on you, sir," was the speech with which Mrs. Williams introduced the gentleman.

Mr. Gordon presented his hand, his daughter bowed graciously, but Lord Darcy, of whom Mrs. Williams had taken no notice, continued his employment.

"I hope your daughter is quite well?" said

Caroline, "I should have been very glad to see her with you."

"My daughter Emily, is very busy, ma'am, at home."

"I am afraid I engaged too much of her time yesterday; she was indeed extremely kind to me."

"My girl is a smart child in some things, Miss Gordon, but it won't do to set her up, ma'am."

"Her temper appears so extremely gentle, that I think not even the affection every one must feel for her, will be able to spoil her."

"However, it is no betterment to any girl, ma'am, to be made too much of."

On most occasions Miss Gordon would probably have answered such hints by an assurance that no notice of hers should endanger the party in future; but at present she was determined that the sulky rudeness of the mother, should not interfere with the fancy she had taken for the child, and clothing her decision in favour of Emily, in smiles of the most fascinating conde-

scension, she very nearly made the Secretary of State's widow forget that her father had robbed the Bank, and that she was herself very little better than she ought to be.

But at length she fortunately recollected that brother Wilson had specially charged her to discover what the young woman's religious feelings appeared to be; and beyond all else, to certify from her own mouth, to what congregation it was her purpose to belong. Conscience-struck at the long delay, Mrs. Williams abruptly broke into a disquisition on the fashion of Washington, and the size of the Capitol, by saying, "Pray ma'am what church may you be of?"

"Madam?"

"What church do you attend?"

"I shall probably go to the nearest, as I have no carriage here."

To the nearest! what an answer for a Christian woman to make. It was true that brother Wilson's church was the one nearest to Mrs.

Oak's house ; but was that to be her only reason for going there ?

"The Lord be good unto us!" inwardly prayed Mrs. Williams, as these thoughts suggested themselves. "I meant to ask, ma'am," she resumed, "what denomination of Christians you belong to?"

"We belong, madam, to the established church of England."

Mrs. Williams dropped her eyes, and doubled her chin with a little diplomatic air of contempt, as she answered, "I expect, ma'am, that England has no establishments in this country at this day."

"Well, Mrs. Williams, that will not much trouble us ; during our stay here your dear little Emily shall take me to church with her."

"I expect indeed, Miss Gordon, that you will find more edification there, than any where else. I conclude, ma'am, you will choose to enter the congregation in the regular manner."

Miss Gordon was puzzled ; but, after a mo-

ment's reflection, decided that she alluded to the paying for a seat, and replied, "Oh certainly, ma'am."

The conversation of the gentlemen had by this time reached a termination nearly as satisfactory. Mr. Wilson, who had not embraced the profession of a Christian minister, till after thirty years of active life, passed in a vast variety of occupations, and in more countries than one, saw at a glance, that Mr. Gordon was a man of rank and consequence, and that if he had really fled his country, it was not for robbing the Bank. But as ready in suspicion as acute in observation, he felt little doubt that there did exist some reason, besides a wish to see the glories of Rochester, for Mr. Gordon's choosing to pass the winter months there.

While softly, gently, and holily, conversing with him, he found time to cast more than one scrutinizing glance at the elegant young man who was occupied at the other side of the room.

Mr. Gordon, observing this, said, "Give me

leave, Mr. Wilson, to introduce my young friend and pupil, Mr. Edward Smith, to you."

Lord Darcy, on this, came forward to join the group round the fire, and as the presbyterian minister looked at the lofty expression of his handsome countenance, he felt more than ever convinced that he was in the presence of persons of superior station, to whom some mystery was attached.

His active intellect found no difficulty, while furnishing common-place speeches to the conversation, to decide at the same time on the line of conduct, which it would be most prudent for him and his family to pursue. Much might be gained by intercourse with persons so situated; and little could be hazarded.

The visit therefore concluded, by the most earnest offers of kindness and good fellowship on his part, and much increased civility on that of the lady, who had been too long accustomed to regulate her thoughts and actions according to the will of brother Wilson, not to take her cue from him now.

On leaving the house, he informed the Secretary of State's widow, that it was well for Rochester that the Lord had afforded them one citizen who was capable of forming a judgment of men and things. He did not think it necessary to explain all his views of the subject, but told her, that as a Christian woman, and a lady of good standing, it was her duty immediately to invite a large party to her house to meet these strangers, and to use her new china. He particularly advised her to cultivate the intimacy between Emily and the young lady, and informed her that it was his intention to send his wife and daughters to call on her.

Having thus pronounced, he left her, that he might make a visit at Mrs. Bevan's, to let the ladies there know, that the English strangers were to be visited by all the influential people in the town.

There was a certain Mrs. Fidkin, who was among the first to act upon the permission to visit them, which Mr. Wilson thus accorded to his congregation.

This lady had a remarkably accomplished daughter, who had "graduated" at an academy many miles distant from Rochester.

Miss Fidkin had not only distinguished herself there, by taking her degree in mathematics, but was remarkable, as being the young lady upon whom more "quarters" in various arts and sciences had been bestowed, than any pupil there. She was accordingly the favourite *élève* of all the masters; and had returned to Rochester, a few months before Mr. Gordon arrived there, finished to the highest pitch of female erudition. Mrs. Fidkin was a patriot, and as she well observed, when conversing on the subject with her husband the General, (General Fidkin had been formerly surveyor-general of a district in the west), it was their duty to let the English see what an American woman could be.

Miss Gordon was not at home when these ladies called on her; but the card of "General, and Mrs. Fidkin—Miss Fidkin," was duly attended to, and a few days after it was left, Miss Gordon and her father returned the visit. The young

lady was employed in painting in water colours, what she informed her visitors was an historical picture.

The subject was Cupid, driving his mother's doves; she was copying it from a large chimney board, on which it was displayed in all the splendid colouring of French paper; and she told them, moreover, that she was taking a deal of trouble about it, "cause pa' meant to send it to the exhibition."

Miss Fidkin left her "painting" to entertain her company; but first ran to the kitchen door, and called to the help who had shown them in, to tell Black Becky to run over to fetch her mother in from the bakery, where she was gone to look after the baking some cakes for her party.

Having given this order, she re-entered the "keeping-room," and began the conversation by begging Miss Gordon to take off her bonnet.

"Do take off your bonnet, Miss Gordon, you musn't be in a hurry to go. Ma', will be here in no time," and the young lady extended her hand to untie the strings; but Miss Gordon

excused herself on the plea of being very cold.

"Surely you must be cold. Only think of my fingers, and me painting all morning."

"You must indeed have found it a chilling employment."

"I expect you paint, Miss Gordon?"

"No, Miss Fidkin, I have never attempted any thing beyond a little drawing."

"My! what only with a pencil, I suppose? I calculate, Miss Gordon, as you never exhibited?"

"Oh dear no."

"Pa' says he won't let me off of it; I have cost him such a heap of money, he says, that he ought to get some credit out of it."

"We shall be very happy, Miss Fidkin," said Caroline, "to see some of your paintings."

"You shall be very welcome," replied the young lady. "I have kepted all I did at school; and there's a considerable sight of e'm, for I learnt five quarters."

Miss Fidkin then lifted the cushion of the

sofa, and drew from thence a number of pictures, on a great variety of subjects.

"I might have had a great *port-folier* if I chose, for pa' gives me every thing; but I asked for a new bonnet instead, for nothing makes one's pictchures look so beautiful as keeping them under the sofa cushion."

"Certainly," said Caroline gravely, "it appears to have preserved them admirably."

While they were in full admiration and enjoyment of rose-buds, Madonnas, shells, Cupids, and temples, Mrs. Fidkin herself made her appearance.

"Very glad to see you, sir. I am afraid the General is out; do see, Athenia. Won't you take your bonnet off, miss? Ar'n't they splendid, them pictures, Miss Gordon? I expect, ma'am, as you paint too—but Athenia beats every body ever I see, to be sure."

Mr. Gordon murmured a compunctious "very pretty," but Caroline scrupled not to select an unique composition, consisting of the Virgin and Child, with Cupid and his bow over their heads,

and a rose bush beside them, of which every blossom was as large as the Madonna's head. On this she bestowed her especial admiration, notwithstanding her father shook his head at her, very reproachfully.

"Ay, now, Miss Gordon," exclaimed Mrs. Fidkin, "that's what I fix upon; that's what I call first-rate."

"I almost wonder that Miss Fidkin has not selected this for the exhibition," said Caroline.

"Why for that, Miss Gordon, you see this one was made up of two or three different kinds of pictures, but this that she's painting of now, is altogether French, and we count that it's genteelest to follow the French in all their paintings and ornamentals. You'll excuse me, Mr. Gordon, but we don't think overmuch of the English, sir, in that line."

Mr. Gordon bowed, of course, and smiled.

"Does Miss Fidkin play and sing, ma'am?" enquired Caroline.

"Yes, for certain, she does; and there's few I expect that can equal her there either. We

are uncommon fortunate, the General and I, in Athenia's improvements; and I dare say, sir, your young miss is not far behind her. Only the General says that there's no people that have altogether the same docity as the Americans."

At the mention of music, Miss Fidkin moved towards the piano, and seemed preparing to place herself at it, while Mrs. Fidkin eagerly called out, "Sweet home, Athenia! Nothing like home; we must have that song first, that's a fact."

Caroline's irrepressible love for the ridiculous led her to expect a treat, and she gently approached the instrument, with a quiet look of serious attention, which very nearly upset the gravity of her father. He, however, had no inclination to expose himself to any farther trial of the same kind, and therefore rose to take his leave, saying that he knew Miss Gordon had an engagement at home, which must oblige her to sacrifice the pleasure of hearing Miss Fidkin for the present.

Many other visits followed, from most of

which Caroline found entertainment, but it was not of a kind to last: and in more than one instance it happened, that what amused her at a first meeting, wearied her at the second; and produced on her part a change of manner which naturally gave offence, and ultimately led to her becoming extremely unpopular in the town.

Lord Darcy, who was infinitely more touched by the quiet air of content with which Mr. Gordon and his daughter sat down to endure their banishment, than he had been in the hours of nervous excitement which had followed their agitating departure, felt more than ever that it was his duty to render it as little dreadful to them as possible. One evening when the tea equipage was removed, he placed candles on the piano, and invited Miss Gordon to try some music they had bought for her. This was so unlike Lord Darcy, at least so unlike the Lord Darcy that she had known, that she looked at him with an air of naïve astonishment, that made him smile.

“ You have forgotten my promises, Miss

Gordon," said he, "but I have not : shall we try this duet."

"Do you sing, Edward," said Mr. Gordon, much pleased.

"Yes, I do, sir," was the reply, "I am very fond of music, and my mother—" he had taxed his strength too far. Caroline immediately began singing a lively air, and when it was ended Lord Darcy placed the pages of the duet before her. He had all his mother's love of music, and a voice which had already attained more power and richness than is common among his countrymen. Lady Darcy had been his only preceptor in the art, and his singing resembled hers, in that peculiarity of taste and cadence, so easily traced by a practised ear. For a moment Mr. Gordon was nearly as much overcome by the recollection of that mother, as Lord Darcy himself had been. He listened to him with a pleasure so intense, that all feeling of misfortune was forgotten ; and it was many years since he had spent an evening so delightfully. Lord Darcy saw the pleasure he gave, and never did

the consciousness of talent convey a stronger, or less egotistical throb of satisfaction, than that which he felt when he remarked it.

Caroline, charmed at seeing them both so happy, sung, and played every thing they asked her, till she was so sleepy she could hardly see one note from another ; but her good humour did not forsake her, and when the attentive Robert entered at eleven, with cakes and sandwiches on a waiter, his somewhat doleful enquiry of " what shall I do for wine, sir?" was met by a gay laugh from the whole party.

" This is entirely your fault, Edward," said Mr. Gordon, " I remember that at the very moment I was going to enquire about wine, you asked me if I did not think Miss Gordon would like some new music."

" Indeed, Mr. Smith, that was particularly unfortunate ; for it was exactly when you thought of the music that the wine became necessary. Must I really be contented with a glass of cold water?"

"I can make some lemonade, ma'am."

"But what shall we do for lemons, Robert?"

"Oh, ma'am, I have taken care to have lemons, but I could not take the liberty of ordering more than a few bottles of wine, and they are all used."

"Never mind, Robert, lemonade will do perfectly well for to-night."

One more song followed the repast, and the wanderers retired to rest in happier spirits than they had done since the eventful day of their meeting. While they sleep in their strange and remote home, the narrative shall return for a short space to the land they had left.

CHAPTER XIII.

But he was wary wise in all his ways.—SPENSER.

It was soon decided by Lady Darcy, and her father, that before any enquiry could be instituted at Carbury, into the dreadful circumstance which had occurred there, legal advice must be taken, as to the best mode of making it. Mr. Oglander had a nephew at the bar, who was considered, and with justice, as one of the ablest men in the profession. This gentleman, early left an orphan by the death of his father on the field of battle, had once hoped to share with his beautiful cousin the splendid fortune of his uncle. The marriage had been desired by Mr. Oglander, from the natural wish

that his property should remain in his own family; but the more important object of his daughter's happiness, induced him to abandon all idea of this union, before she was old enough to know that it had ever existed. Nixon Oglander was ten years older than his cousin, and at an early age gave indications of a passion for gambling, which at once decided his uncle to change his purpose. It was while consenting to pay a heavy debt of honour for him, that he announced to the young man his unalterable decision against the proposed union; but at the same time he promised to continue his protection and assistance in the way of his profession, provided he saw reason to believe that the supplies he granted were not carried to the gaming-table.

Nixon Oglander, though not a man to bear a disappointment well, was perfectly capable of concealing the feelings it produced. On this occasion he did it so effectually, that his liberal uncle felt, and expressed a determination to soften a misfortune so nobly borne, by exerting

his power and influence in every way to promote his success in life.

This promise he religiously performed. Nixon Oglander soon obtained a seat in Parliament, and speedily outstepped his contemporaries in professional success. Such a career throws a sort of halo round a man's private character, which often prevents its being very accurately inquired into.

Sergeant Oglander was welcomed at his uncle's table, and at that of his noble cousin, with the frank kindness of near relations; they knew not that his habits were vicious, and his principles utterly depraved; still less did they imagine that their lively, agreeable kinsman, nourished in his inmost heart a deep and deadly hatred against his uncle, and a never-dying hope of revenge, not the less powerful from being fostered secretly in the darkest recesses of his bosom. It was to this man that the unfortunate Lady Darcy determined to apply on the present occasion; Mr. Oglander perfectly approved her so doing; as the clear-headed

acuteness for which his nephew was celebrated, rendered him peculiarly capable of setting about such an inquiry with the best chance of success.

Within two hours after they arrived in town, Sergeant Oglander was in St. James's Square, and listening with almost breathless attention to the dreadful narrative. He was much too good a lawyer to interrupt by a single question the statement of a case. He listened in silence and in stillness, and only moved his hand to change the position of a small screen which stood on the table. It might be that he wished to throw the lamp-light fully on the face of the countess, as she told the heavy tale; or it might be, that he preferred casting a deeper shadow over his own. A moment's silence ensued when she had ceased to speak; and then Sergeant Oglander, in a low voice, that seemed intended to conceal emotion, asked her a few important questions, but without uttering a word of comment.

“Do you know what character the mother bears?”

"A very bad one. They are a set of worthless, unprincipled people."

"What age was the boy?"

"About a year older than my son."

"Is it stated that any struggle was seen to take place?"

"The witnesses that have hitherto been examined are all friends of the boy, and have evidently made the case as strong as possible against Edward. Mr. Gordon arrived too late to speak to that fact, but I think it possible that others may be able to do so."

"Who was the man that was left alone with the mother and the body?"

"Her own brother."

"And the place?"

"Under Carbury Cliff, on the coast of Dorsetshire."

"Let me think a while on this, before I give my opinion. God bless you both; and trust me, I feel for your affliction."

Thus saying, he rose and quitted the room, with the appearance of strong emotion.

Mr. Oglander thought it evident that his nephew had no hope of finding the idea of Lady Darcy justified, by any inquiry that could be made; but he refrained from uttering any comment on his words or manner. Her impressions, however, were decidedly different, for she said,—

“ We could not be in better hands, my dear father; his questions prove that he catches the points of the case on which I found my hope.”

It would be more difficult to trace the crafty workings of the lawyer's mind; and yet his thoughts darted directly, and long before the narrative was closed, to the final result.

This may be given in few words. He should be heir to the Oglander estate,—and he should be revenged. Whether the unhappy mother's hopes were well-founded or visionary,—whether his young cousin died in exile, or were hanged at home, signified very little in his estimation. He felt that he had the tissue of his destiny in his hands, and he doubted not his own powers to make it what he wished. The next morn-

ing brought the following note from Serjeant Oglander:—

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I feel it extremely difficult to give an opinion on the dreadful business which occupied us last night; and this both professionally and personally. First, it is quite impossible to draw any conclusion different from that suggested by the coroner, without myself examining the witnesses on which this was founded; and secondly, it is inexpressibly painful to me, either to encourage or repress the hopes of Lady Darcy, from the fear either of increasing her present suffering, or adding to that of the future. If I have your sanction for it, I will set off for Dorsetshire, and I think I need not add, that no effort shall be wanting to ascertain the truth, and to elicit every circumstance which may be favourable to our wishes. With the deepest sympathy in your distress, believe me, my dear sir, ever faithfully yours,

“ NIXON OGLANDER.”

Lady Darcy received this note from the hand of her father; and as soon as she had perused it, rang the bell.

“ I shall go with him, my dear father.”

A servant answered the bell.

“ Tell Saunders that I want her in my dressing-room.—I trust that you will not disapprove my doing so, dear father? I have many reasons for it; and one is, that I shall suffer less there, than if waiting for intelligence at home.”

“ Shall I accompany you, my dearest Eleanor?” inquired her father, in a tone of the tenderest pity.

“ No, I would rather you did not. I will travel in a hired carriage, and will take no servant with me; I hope my cousin Nixon will agree with me in thinking that it is of great importance that we should not be known.”

“ You are certainly right; if any thing is to be hoped, it is from an inquiry of which the parties shall not be conscious.”

“ Will you then, dear sir, write to the sergeant, and explain my intention of going with

him, and my wishes as to concealment. The preparations for the journey will not delay me long ; if he will bring a carriage here in an hour I shall be ready."

So saying, she left the room with a firm step and tranquil brow, but with a heart almost suffocated by the contending emotions of hope and fear.

Mr. Oglander's note brought the sergeant to St. James's Square, where he found his uncle alone in the library. It was evident to Mr. Oglander, notwithstanding the very guarded manner in which he expressed himself, that he did not approve of Lady Darcy's proposed journey ; but her father, who had little other hope from the inquiry, than that it might satisfy her mind, and enable her to endure her misfortune better, by bringing the full conviction of it to her, by degrees, let him so clearly understand that he thought it best to indulge her, that the opposition was withdrawn. He then gave it as his opinion, that there could be no hope of preserving their incognito if they

set off from her ladyship's house, and proposed that a hackney coach, without any servant, should convey them to his chambers, from whence his own travelling carriage, which had no arms on it, might take them with post horses to Carbury. He also proposed that he should address her as Mrs. Brown, going to take lodgings at Carbury for the benefit of sea air, and himself pass as her brother, by some other borrowed name. To all this there could be no objection, but it occasioned some delay; and it was not till five o'clock in the afternoon that the unhappy Lady Darcy found herself on the road to Carbury. As soon as they had left the noise of London behind them, she began to question her professional cousin with a clear coolness which surprised him, as to those parts in the evidence which he thought most open to doubt. Before he answered her inquiries, he gave a rapid and masterly glance to the consideration of whether it would be most eligible to mislead her in his replies, or to trust to his

own genius for rendering the best conducted examination abortive.

There was something in the expression of her countenance, something in the firm and measured tone of her voice, as well as some knowledge of her character, that convinced him it might be hazardous to attempt to give her mere technical law, instead of reason, or well-worded periods instead of sense; he therefore very judiciously returned such answers, as not only convinced her of his hearty good will, (which, however, she nothing doubted,) but showed her that she might implicitly trust to his judgment in the fearfully important business she had in hand.

Having fully satisfied herself on this point, she remained silent, and rested her aching head against the side of the carriage. Though she did not sleep, her eyes were closed; and for an hour before the light failed, Nixon Oglander was occupied in contemplating one of the loveliest faces Nature ever formed. Time, it is true,

had touched it, but so gently as hardly to have left a trace; it was not a face that owed its charms to rosy cheeks or ruby lips; the classic regularity of outline, and that mixed expression of feeling and intelligence which makes the perfection of woman, was still as remarkable as when, twenty years before, he had made one in the *cortège* of her splendid wedding. He had looked at her, then, with a strange mixture of hatred and admiration; as he gazed now upon her lovely face, and faultless form, the hatred seemed all transferred to her father; and the idea that it was yet possible to possess her, crept into his heart. He, too, closed his eyes, and reclined in the other corner of the carriage, while visions of hope and ambition occupied his soul.

They stopped at Basingstoke for the night, and the hour previous to Lady Darcy's retiring to rest, was passed in listening to the specious consolation of her cousin. Nixon Oglander well knew that the hand which offers us the balm of hope in the hour of sorrow, is often

thought of kindly, even when the offering fades away. He spoke exactly what she wished to hear; he enlarged on the improbabilities of the story; on the practised art and well-known villainy of the smuggling race; on the great likelihood that others might have witnessed the meeting, who, though hitherto silent, would easily be induced to tell all they knew; and in a word, so effectually soothed her spirits, that she bade him farewell for the night almost cheerfully.

CHAPTER XIV.

Impatience waiteth on true sorrow.—SHAKESPEARE.

It was late the following evening when they arrived at the hotel at Carbury. Lady Darcy's agitation, as she approached the place, almost overpowered her; she trembled as she left the carriage. Nixon Oglander, with an attention the most unobtrusive, yet the most unremitting, silently led her into the house, and cautiously prevented her being obliged to answer any of the officious inquiries with which they were assailed, as to what they wished, and what they wanted. While tea was preparing, he visited the bustling landlady at her bar, and informed her, that his sister, Mrs. Brown, was in very

ill health, and that he had been recommended to bring her to Carbury, as a healthy place, where she could have the benefit of sea air, without being disturbed by company; hinted that if she had comfortable rooms, they should probably prefer staying at the hotel to seeking lodgings, and added, that he had a letter of introduction to the rector, but that, as he was a personal stranger to him, he would defer his visit till the next morning. This statement naturally produced the most attentive civility; a consultation took place with the chambermaid as to which was the quietest and pleasantest room, etc. etc., and the pale and beautiful Mrs. Brown was approached, even by the waiter, with considerate gentleness.

Though the impatience of Lady Darcy to commence an investigation on which so much depended had prevented her writing to Mr. Wilmot previous to her leaving London, she was very anxious to make known to him her arrival, and the concealment it was her wish to preserve.

Sergeant Oglander therefore paid an early visit to the parsonage on the following morning, and in half an hour returned with Mr. Wilmot to the hotel. Here a long conversation ensued. Mr. Wilmot promised to furnish every possible clue for their inquiry, and also to preserve a perfect silence as to their names. He even agreed with the Sergeant, that it might be as well not to introduce Mrs. Brown to his wife and daughters, lest questions might be asked, which it would be embarrassing to answer.

It was also decided that he should take no visible part in their investigations. He gave a written list of the names and dwellings of every person who had been examined on the inquest, and then departed, earnestly requesting he might be applied to, if it were thought possible he could in any way be useful.

Nixon Oglander commenced his operations by declaring himself exceedingly anxious to see any newspapers they might happen to have ; adding, that though the house and the village seemed

very pleasant, he feared he should find his time hang rather heavy, if he could not get some news; and then inquired if there were any conversable people in the neighbourhood who came there to take a sociable pipe, with whom he might enjoy a little chat over his negus. - The intelligent landlady not only handed him a London daily, and a Devizes weekly paper; but leaving her young daughter in her important chair, she sought her husband, who was at his desk in a back room, and gave him a hint, which soon brought him with a gentle tap to the door of Mrs. Brown's sitting-room. Sergeant Oglander opened the door, and recognising the rank of the visiter, stepped back into the room, and took up his hat, saying to Lady Darcy, "Here is the landlord, sister, I think I will get him to take a walk with me."

Though Lady Darcy felt the fullest confidence both in the judgment and activity with which her cousin would prosecute his inquiries, she had not abandoned the purpose for which she had herself visited Carbury; this was in her

own person to see and converse with every individual whose names she had obtained, and as many others as she could make acquaintance with in the neighbourhood.

No sooner had her cousin left her, than she equipped herself in a dress which she had borrowed from her maid, whose long service had merited her confidence. Thus humbly attired, in a dark gown and close bonnet, she first sought the dwelling of Mrs. Gardiner, the poultry woman, where Lord Darcy had his first encounter with Dally. This woman had been mentioned by Mr. Wilmot, as having been most eager in declaring that Lord Darcy never intended to hurt any body; but her evidence, however well meant, had in fact only gone to prove the probability of previous ill-will, from her relating the circumstance of their hostile meeting in her chicken-house. To the cottage of this woman Lady Darcy found her way, and introduced herself by asking to be shown the road down the cliff.

There is something in grace and beauty, that

wins favour from almost every being, of whatever sex, age, or condition; Mrs. Gardiner looked at Lady Darcy, and immediately setting down her work, hastened to the door to direct her. It is never difficult to enter into conversation with the poor; Lady Darcy had soon accepted Mrs. Gardiner's invitation to rest herself, before she took a longer walk, which was given with an observation that "she did not look over strong."

"No," replied Lady Darcy, "I am far from well, but I am come to Carbury in hopes to get better; it is a very healthy place, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe so, ma'am; but the gentry prefers Lyme, or Charmouth to it, altogether."

"Then you have not much company here?"

"No company at all, of what is called company at the bathing places."

"Is Carbury a thriving village?"

"Why not over much of that, at least for honest folks; there be rogues enough here, and to spare, as get a better living than they deserve."

"And what then is their mode of life?"

"'Tis a trade that's no great credit to live among, but the neighbours round are a sight of 'em no better than desperate smugglers."

"That is a bad trade indeed; but how do they escape the law?"

"Thank God, ma'am, I don't know all their ways. The excise officers are constant after them, but somehow or other, they most times contrive to get off."

"This must make a sad neighbourhood round you, especially if you have any children."

"I have got but one son, and I thank the Lord he is out of their way. But a dear, precious young gentleman, that was worth more than me and all my generation, has come to dreadful trouble through some of them; and I have suffered as much in my mind for him, as if he was my own."

Lady Darcy subdued the emotion that rose within her, and only spoke a few words expressive of interest, which induced the woman to proceed.

" Ah, ma'am, 'tis a dismal story, even for a stranger to hear, and much more for me, as owed all I've got to him."

She then related a story, too long to repeat, of the generous manner in which her young benefactor had enabled her to apprentice her boy to a shoemaker, and put her in a way to maintain herself, instead of going upon the parish, which was the fate that threatened her. Then followed an account of the tussle in her chicken-house, and the anger the Dallys had expressed against him.

" If ever there was a born Devil, it is Dick Dally;" said the poor woman, " and 'twas for my sake," she continued, wiping her eyes, " that he first got his ill-will; and what he may yet have to pay for it, who is there can tell?"

As Lady Darcy listened to these words, she seemed to feel, for the first time, the full extent of her obligation to Mr. Gordon; and the incalculably greater misery which must have been her portion, were her son languishing in a prison, with a yet more dreadful fate before

him. She felt herself quite unable to continue the conversation; and giving the woman a trifle, she told her that her story was a very interesting one, and she should perhaps call another day to hear the rest of it.

CHAPTER XV.

So smooth he daubed his vice with shew of virtue.

SHAKSPEARE.

As Lady Darcy returned to the hotel, she was accosted by a young woman carrying a baby in her arms. She was pretty, but very pale, and silently offered two or three small baskets for sale.

Lady Darcy was too much occupied by her own thoughts to take much notice of her. She shook her head in refusal of the offered baskets, and was passing on, when the faint cry of the baby, and a gentle "hush, hush, hush!" from the mother, caused her to look back. The extreme youth, and sickly aspect of the poor creature then struck her, and she turned to give the alms she saw were so much wanted.

It was impossible not to be touched with compassion by the mixture of delicacy and poverty which her figure exhibited.

"How old are you?" inquired Lady Darcy.

"Seventeen, madam."

"Is that child yours?"

With a faint blush, and a downcast eye, the young woman pressed the baby closer to her bosom, and answered "Yes," in a tone that plainly showed it was her shame to say so.

"And where is the father of it?"

"Dead, madam!" answered the poor girl, while tears gushed from her eyes.

Lady Darcy doubled her donation, and again left her.

When she reached the hotel, she found Sergeant Oglander had not yet returned, and the restless, feverish state of her spirits made the interval that followed appear insufferably long. She began a letter to her father; she walked from her sitting-room to her bed-room, again and again, though unconscious of any object in

the labour of the day. At several doors a knot of women and children were lolling about, and chatting, as if they too had finished their daily task. Sergeant Oglander paused near one of these, and inquired if they could tell him whereabouts the poor woman named Dally lived, who had lately lost her son.

"She do'n't live in the village here, she lives in the little hut they built for themselves out over the bay, just on the bit of a hollow, as you may see about half way up the cliff."

"I thought," said Lady Darcy, "that they lived in the village."

"So they did," said one of the women, "till the boy was killed. They lived right away down the street; the hut was only built for the fishing tackle, and may be, at times, a stoop of run liquor; but since they lost Dick, they have given up the house, and Mother Dally keeps herself and West altogether at the hut, though 'tis a queerish place to hide in."

"Which is the way to this hut?" inquired the Sergeant.

"You were best not try it, master," said the same woman; "there's a dog there, as might scare the devil, and the exciseman too."

"How long have they had this dog?" asked Lady Darcy.

"I never knew them without it."

"How was the son killed?" said Lady Darcy, with forced composure.

"That's a strange business as ever come to pass; the lad that killed him, was as kind a Christian as ever walked on shoe-leather; and Dick Dally was a fellow as could, and would, knock his own father down, if he angered him."

"Was there any fighting between them?" asked the sergeant.

"No one ever saw Dick move a hand to save his life."

"Where was he buried?" said Lady Darcy, but in a voice of so much agitation that the woman she addressed did not hear her. Sergeant Oglander repeated the question.

"Mother Dally tossed him into the sea, she says," said the woman with a sneer.

Lady Darcy was greatly agitated, but said distinctly, "That was strange, good woman—was it not?"

"Strange enough, if it was but true," answered the woman.

A light from heaven seemed to dart upon the mind of Lady Darcy, as she heard these words. She looked in the face of the speaker, as if she had been an angel sent thence to comfort her. The hard features of the woman bespoke habitual intemperance, and another of the group attempted to stop her loquacity, by saying,—

"Hold your tipsy tongue, Molly; what for do you say that? what for should it not be true?"

"I sha'n't hold my tongue for you, Sally Wells; and I know, if you don't, that Mother Dally would have sold his body to the surgeons as soon as look at him; and then say she'd drowned him. No, no," she continued, with a drunken laugh, "I knows Mrs. Dally of old, and 'tisin't to-day that she'll take me in."

The other began a scolding answer, and the sergeant almost forcibly led Lady Darcy from

the spot, assuring her, however, as he did so, that he would see this woman again, and find out her grounds for not believing the statement of Dally's mother. Poor Lady Darcy felt it was no scene for her, and yet she would willingly have lingered near the spot. Her spirits were greatly raised by the words she had heard.

"I am not, then, the only one, cousin, who deems this tale untrue. It is painful, undoubtedly to mix with, and listen to, such beings; but it must be done, my good cousin; you will not shrink from it, Nixon, in such a cause?"

The lawyer was profuse in his assurances that nothing should be left undone. In fact, he promised no more than it was his purpose to perform. He had made up his mind what to do in case of the worst. Had Richard Dally started up alive before his eyes, Nixon Oglander would have nothing doubted, that he could have made him sink into the sea again, or have found some other means by which to attain his end.

With the most winning kindness of voice and

manner, he endeavoured to soothe and tranquillize the agitated Lady Darcy. Her mind was indeed in a tumult of anxiety, hope, and uncertainty. She tried to listen to the gentle voice of the sergeant, but in truth she heard him not. Silent, or answering from the point, she reached the hotel; and too full of her own teeming hopes and schemes, to listen patiently to the sedative reasoning of her companion, she passed on hastily to her chamber. There, seated at the little casement, she meditated on all she had heard from the first moment the dreadful tale had reached her, to the "'tis not to-day she can take me in," which had lingered in her ears ever since the half-drunken crone had uttered it. These words she repeated again and again; and always with a renewed thrill of pleasure at her heart. But, mixing with the increased confidence of her hopes, a feeling of distrust toward her gentle cousin, almost unconsciously stole upon her. She nearly started, when she first became aware that she doubted his zeal, or his sincerity. "He cannot be such a villain," she

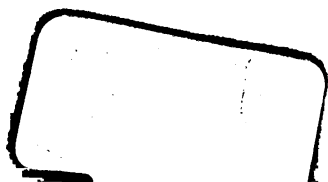
exclaimed, almost aloud, "it is base to have conceived the thought;" and the countess sought to forget that it had ever arisen. But it was in vain; the sergeant had in fact been beguiled a little, a very little, beyond the line he had marked for himself. The gentle pressure of the beautiful arm which rested upon his, had been intended to express sympathy, and pity; but passion was awake, and caution slumbered. The well tutored voice had more than once mistaken the twentieth part of a tone; and once, when with her whole soul hanging on the question, she had asked him, if he did not now see better hopes, it was evident he was thinking of something else; but all this was little, almost nothing, when set against high reputation, long acquaintance, and near alliance. It was quite dark before she shut the window, and rang for a candle; when it came she went down to their sitting-room, perfectly restored, in appearance, to her usual graceful composure, and decided upon believing her cousin the honourable gentleman it was her duty to think him; but at

least equally decided not to suffer the hopes, to which she now clung more fixedly than ever, to be quenched by any thing less certain than her own knowledge and conviction that they were unfounded.

END OF VOL. I.

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the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners.

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